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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS, TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

The author's dream. He sees a man in a miserable condition by the name of Pauper, who, by the advice and direction of Inspiration, commences a pilgrim's life.—(*Continued.*)

Pauper. I will then unbosom myself to you with an honest, but tortured heart. It is but a short time since, that my wealthy, and but too indulgent father bestowed upon me, by my foolish importunity, the amount of one half his large estate in money and goods. No sooner was it in my possession, than I withdrew from his affectionate and watchful eye, and came into this far distant country, highly elated with the expectation of unalloyed pleasure from unrestrained self-indulgence. To the rich and luxurious capital of this extensive empire, I first bent my eager and infatuated course. Having arrived there, I soon associated with the most profligate and abandoned characters, male and female, and with them, madly plunged into the all-absorbing vortex of riotous living. In this maddening whirl, I realized a momentary, feverish and undefinable gratification; but it was quickly succeeded by the serpent sting. Particularly to describe the various scenes of my debauchery and dissipation would be as disgusting and abhorrent to you, venerable sir, as painful to myself. Let it suffice that, in a short time, I wantonly and wickedly dissipated my pecuniary resources, which my intoxicated imagination had estimated as inexhaustible. Poverty, disease, and deep, but unavailing remorse now became my miserable inheritance. Enraged at my seductive and treacherous companions in guilt, and cursing my own folly, I had almost resolved to put an end to my wretched mortal existence. But the dread of a more wretched existence, after death, restrained my hand from the rash and 'damning deed.'

I immediately, however, fled from the splendid, but polluted and polluting metropolis, taking chance for my guide, which directed me to a wealthy and hard-hearted citizen in this place, who made me at once both the keeper and the servant of his swine—an emblem of my still more filthy life. Such, respected Sir, is a brief history of the latter portion of my shameful and prodigal career. You see before you a being in human shape, who of all men is the most degraded, vile, and miserable, and who stands abashed and confounded in your sacred presence. O, sir, a wounded spirit, who can bear? I feel—I feel unutterable anguish. Hell rages in my guilty bosom. O! whither shall I fly to hide me, to hide me from myself? O, my injured father! O, my offended God! Can I hope for reconciliation? How can I hope for mercy? O, sir, is there a gleam of promise for such an ungrateful, polluted and presumptuous wretch? Speak! if there be a cheering word for me—O speak, and save my trembling soul from black despair!

Inspiration. Great has been your folly; of a crimson dye have been your offences; terrible your provocation of a holy and jealous God, who might have arrested you in your wild and daring career, summoned you to his awful bar, and sentenced you to the 'perdition of ungodly men.' But, trembling sinner! despair not; for great, and aggravated as your sins have been, the mercy of God is greater. He is exceeding pitiful, and long-suffering—and is not willing that any should perish.

P. O, sir! may I confide in these sweet and soul-melting words?

I. They are, indeed, worthy of all acceptation, and they claim your unwavering confidence.

P. Tell me then, my gracious instructer, how I am to obtain forgiveness?

I. To God belong mercies and forgiveness, and he has promised free pardon to the penitent. Repent, therefore, and your sins, great as they are, will, assuredly, be remembered no more.

P. But so foolish am I and ignorant, that I know not even the nature of repentance.

I. It consists in that hatred and abhorrence of sin—that loathing, and condemnation of self as an offender, which constrain the subject of guilt to forsake and flee from it, as from the face of a destroyer.

P. O, sir! I am convinced—fully and feelingly convinced that sin is most hateful and detestable, and that I ought to loathe and condemn myself on account of it. But I fear, greatly fear that I am a stranger to repentance; for while my understanding assents to, and approves of what you have said, I know not that my heart accords with it. Although destitute of the means of gratifying my sensual appetites and passions, yet it seems as if my heart was void of all good, and 'fully set in me to do evil.' I fear it is susceptible of no softening and salutary impressions. O, that I could repent and find mercy! But how can I exercise repentance? most earnestly will I desire and strive to do this; but I fear that all my efforts will be unavailing.

I. Fear not, my son, a true desire, and a suitable striving for repentance are never unavailing. They indeed constitute, or at least are inseparably connected with repentant exercises. But how you are to repent aside from such desire and striving, no one can tell.

P. If an earnest desire to repent, and a corresponding striving for repentance imply penitent exercises of heart, I cannot but indulge a gleam of hope that I am a sincere penitent. But while I feebly hope, a chilling fear fills me with tremoling.

I. Whether your hope be such as will not make you ashamed, a faithful examination of its grounds will inform you. I must ask you, then, whether your desire and striving result from, or stand connected with a cordial disapprobation and abhorrence of your dissipated, and wicked life?

P. My past conduct, venerated sir, is the source of almost all mysolicitude and mental distress. I continually reflect upon it with anguish of spirit, with fearful apprehension that the mercy of God 'is clean gone from me forever.' This I can say without hesitation. And I cannot but cherish the hope that I view my abandoned life, not only with remorse, but with unqualified detestation and abhorrence.

I. But does not this arise from the loss of your property and reputation; from your present sufferings, and from fear of greater?

P. I deeply regret the loss both of my property and reputation. But this occasions me small regret compared with the consideration that I have greatly offended my heavenly Father, and most bountiful Benefactor—this consideration grieves me to the quick.

I. What is the plain and true account of this change in your feelings?

P. I became possessed by a strong and alarming apprehension that the 'mighty famine,' which has arisen in this land, would reduce the inhabitants to a state of deep distress;—that multitudes would die of hunger, and suffer the pains of the second death; and that this, would be my terrible end. For a short time the agony of my soul was indescribable—almost too great to be restrained. In this my deep distress, I formed the resolution that I would abandon my filthy employment—return to my father, confess my sinful and ruinous conduct, and humbly supplicate that he would receive me, if not as a penitent son, yet as a menial servant. That resolution, although not yet carried into effect, has, at times, in some measure assuaged the anguish of my heart; yet I am far from rest and peace. A full and efficient resolve, to arise and go to him, I have failed to form; nor have I, as it seems to me, sufficient energy of mind to form it. Notwithstanding, I doubt not that in his hospitable mansions, 'there is bread enough and to spare,' I scarcely dare to meet his justly offended eye, or hope for a welcome reception, clothed as I am with polluted rags, and covered with infamy. Besides, pinching famine has so emaciated my body and prostrated my strength that I can hardly hope to reach my native home, should I make the attempt. O, sir, such is the situation of the miserable wretch who stands before you, and who has excited your commiseration. Be not displeased, if I submissively supplicate thy farther counsel and assistance. To remain here is certain, and the most terrible death. But not less terrible would it be to be spurned from my father's door. O tell me, then, is there yet encouragement for me to set my face, and direct my trembling steps towards his distant home?

I. Your face seems turned thither-ward already. Hasten, then, with what strength you have, and be assured that if your penitence be sincere, he will receive you graciously, and never mention against you, your aggravated offences. Truly, such is his surpassing clemency that long before you arrive at his house, I doubt not he will hasten to meet you with open arms and special tokens of his paternal love.

P. O, Sir, your words are 'like good news from a far country.' They are as 'life from the dead.' Feeble as I am, I feel as if I could hastily pursue my journey without weariness or discouragement, were the way before me but distinctly marked out. I pray you, sir, direct me into the path which I am to take, as I am a stranger to it, and can form but a very indistinct idea of its course.

I. The way to me is well known, as I have often travelled it and methodised an exact and plain Directory in relation to it, so that 'wayfaring men, though fools, may not err therein.' It is 'a high way, the way of holiness.' With this Directory I have furnished many pilgrims. Nor has it failed to conduct those of them to their desired haven, who have duly regarded its directions. It distinctly notes all the dangers and difficulties of the way; inculcates watchfulness and circumspection to pilgrim travellers, to preserve them from deviating from the narrow course, either to the right hand, or to the left. Nor is it less particular in pointing out the several stages, houses of entertainment and instruction, and all needful accommodations provided by their heavenly Father, quite to the end of their journey.

P. O, that I might be supplied with a copy of this invaluable book! where is it to be obtained? Willingly would I exchange for it, were it in my power, mountains of gold and rocks of diamond. But alas! my poverty, my poverty! I have nothing to weigh for its price.

I. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit;' and with a copy of this invaluable Directory, be thou blessed indeed. Take it from my cheerfully extended hands. Let it be thy bosom companion—thy constant counsellor and guide. Heedfully examine its directions as you shall have opportunity, during the whole of your pilgrimage, when you are in the house and by the way, when you sit down and when you rise up; and prayerfully regard them. Do this, and it will safely guide you to your heavenly Father's house, in which are many delightful mansions, supplied with bread enough and to spare.

P. O, my worthy benefactor! what shall I render unto thee for the unspeakable benefit I have received from thy benevolent lips and bounteous hands? All the return I can make is the sincere homage of a grateful heart. May the best of heaven's blessings ever descend and rest on thy venerable head; and may the blessing of countless multitudes, who have been, now are, and hereafter shall be ready to perish, come upon thee. And 'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.'

I. Go then, and sin no more, lest worse things come upon you, than you have yet experienced. Trials, in almost every form, you must expect to encounter in the course of your pilgrimage: and many will be your conflicts, discouragements and sufferings unless you take diligent heed to your steps, and guard every avenue to temptation. During your journey you will overtake some travellers, and be overtaken perhaps, by others professing to be pilgrims. Nor is it unlikely that you will meet some who, from unexpected difficulties and discouragements, have professedly turned their faces and their steps from the paradise of God towards the 'paradise of fools.' These will try to persuade you to believe that the journey you have undertaken is tiresome, dreary, bewildering; and that your toils, and privations, your watchings and weariness, will be followed by complete and everlasting disappointment. By others, you will be tempted to turn aside from the road in which you should go, into forbidden paths. And to their flattering and seductive speeches, you will be likely sometimes to listen, and to be 'drawn away from your own steadfastness.' So far as this shall be the case, your pilgrimage will be unpleasant and irksome and painful; for 'the way of transgression is always hard.' But while you pursue a straight forward course, you will find your path pleasant, peaceful and joyous.

P. Most sincerely do I thank you, Sir, for your cautionary admonitions, which I trust will be profitable to me in the progress of my journey. But am I to expect to find on the road any but real pilgrims? any but such as truly 'seek a better country?'

I. But too many pilgrims will you find on the road who are self-deceivers, hypocrites, impostors and flatterers. These are pilgrims only by profession. In bodily presence they are travellers to the heavenly country; but in spirit, or in their affections they pursue a far different course. Of such travellers, you must vigilantly beware.

P. Gather not, O my soul with such characters; unto their assemblies, may I never be united. But how, Sir, shall I be able to distinguish them from real and devoted pilgrims.

I. This you may not always be able to do? Your liability, therefore, to be seduced by them into dangerous and delusive ways, is not to be trifled with. But should you travel, or be in company with pilgrims of this character for any considerable time, you will by due attention, be likely to discover something in their looks, their words, their gait and general demeanor, indicative of vanity, pride, self sufficiency, arrogance, worldly-mindedness; yet as those characteristics may not be sufficiently prominent to satisfy you that they are pilgrims only in pretence, carefully consult your Directory, where you will find the just distinction made between the true and the false pilgrim, and the pilgrim course correctly delineated. By critically consulting that Instructer you may expect to receive all that wisdom and discernment, which will be needful to guide you in judgment, and preserve your feet in the path of truth. Remember this; quit yourself like a man; 'be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might,' and, 'laying aside every weight and the sins which have so easily beset you, run with patience the race that is now before you,' till you shall arrive at 'the Zion above, with songs and everlasting joy on your heads' [illegible] sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

P. O, Sir, I am impatient to commence my journey, and hasten from this land of famine, of 'trouble and anguish,' to the land of Immanuel, the land of plenty, of life and everlasting glory.

I. I fear, young man, enfeebled as you are by famine, that you 'will faint by the way,' unless you strengthen your tottering limbs, and exhilerate your languid spirits by a sovereign restorative, which I have brought with me, and can freely offer to your acceptance. It is more invigorating than the most delicious and palatable earthly banquet.

P. Most gratefully do I accept it at your hands. Its smell is reviving; its taste exquisite; and, by its quickening virtue, I feel myself 'strengthened with might, both in the inward and outward man.' And now, Sir, let me hasten my departure; and, that I may not mistake my way, permit me to entreat you to point out the course I am to take so as to make it as plain as possible.

I. It lies directly across the middle of this extensive plain to yonder eminence crowned with a capacious mansion belonging to a warm and steady friend to pilgrims. Thither you must direct your course, and when arrived at the building, knock at the gate which opens 'into the outer court of the mansion;' and you will find, I trust, ready admittance—when your heavenly Father will meet you with special tokens of his forgiveness and affection, and when you will receive further instruction and encouragement.—Do you see the building?

P. I think I discover an object in the line of your direction. But if I discern it, I have but a very indistinct view of it; it seems to be at a great distance.

I. The distance is very considerable; but I think you must distinctly see the eminence on which the mansion stands, as it exhibits a luminous appearance.

P. The eminence which you describe, I plainly see. Its appearance is very pleasant and cheering. May I ask whether it is known by any distinctive and appropriate name?

I. It is called Mount Initiation. The path to it, may now appear to you somewhat indistinct, yet it will grow brighter and brighter—more and more pleasant, till you shall arrive at the heavenly country. And now I must say to you, 'go forward'—take diligent heed to your steps;—diligently consult your Directory; hearken not to 'seducing spirits, who speak lies in hypocrisy;' 'trust in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' And may you by patient continuance in your journey, so 'seek for glory, honor and immortality,' that you may finally be crowned with 'eternal life.'

Now I saw the poor young man, full of gratitude, begin to run forward, and as he ran, he lifted up his voice in strains of joy and praise, when I awoke from my sleep; and lo! what I had seen was but a dream. Then turning myself in my bed I slept again.

[From Laing's residence in Norway.]

From what I have observed at the two fairs in this place which are among the most considerable in the Peninsula, I am satisfied of the correctness of the observation I made at Drontheim, that the great subscriptions and exertions in England for printing the Scriptures in foreign countries, are counteracting their own object, as far as respects those countries in which the printing and selling of books are established trades. At this fair, several thousand people are assembled, many of whom dwell in the valleys high up in the Fylde, remote from other men, and scarcely within the vorge of civilized society, and with little opportunity, except at these yearly fairs, of supplying their wants. There appeared to be a considerable inclination among the common people to buy and read whatever came in their way in the shape of a book, and to take home something of the kind from the fair, just as we see at our country fairs in Scotland. Almanacs and ballads seemed in considerable request, the old folks buying the former and the girls with their sweet-hearts very busy over the latter. There were school books, cookery books, the law book of Christian V., the ground law of the Norwegian constitution, the transactions of the Storthing of 1824, to be found in the shops; also a reasonable supply of the catechism, and of the book of common prayer, as used in the Norwegian church: but there was not a single copy of the Bible or New Testament. The Scriptures have evidently been driven out of the market by the Society furnishing them greatly cheaper than could be afforded by those who have to live by the printing and selling of books. The natural distribution through every corner of a country of all that the inhabitants use or may require, is by the hands of traders stimulated by their own interest to bring a supply to every door at which there is any chance of finding demand. It is dangerous to interfere with this course.

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It is curious, and, but for the serious nature of the subject, would be very amusing, to observe the inconsistency of human action, and how much imagination influences the undertakings of the sober-minded and sincere. The Danes were among the first who sent out missionaries to distant lands, to India and Greenland, seeking, amidst dangers and privations which excite and gratify the imagination, to instruct the heathen and diffuse the knowledge of the truths of Christianity; and they forgot, in their zeal, the more obscure and easy duty of instructing the heathen at their own door—their fellow subjects the Laplanders.

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When we consider the great extent of the Norwegian parishes, the merit of being laborious, zealous, and effective cannot be denied to the Norwegian clergy. The church service is the smallest part of their duty, although the sermon is long, and delivered, as in Scotland, without papers. They have school examinations, Sunday schools, meetings of those who are in preparation for being confirmed, often at great distances from their dwellings, and a superintendance of the probst or bishop, which prevents any neglect or indolence in attending to those duties.

It is my impression, that the Norwegian clergy are a highly educated body of men. As far as my experience goes, the clergy and students of divinity are acquainted with the literature of Europe, have read the standard works in French and German languages, and are at least as well acquainted with English as our clergy in general are with French.

The study of the great works on divinity, philosophy, and church history, which have been written in the German language, is a necessary part of the course here for the student of divinity. The classical studies are also carried on to a later period of life than in Scotland, by those intended for the clerical profession, and under teachers of a high scholarship. There are five high schools in the principal towns in Norway, in which the rectors and teachers are men, such as Holmboe, Bagge, Fresner, of known eminence as classical scholars: the student of divinity must be prepared in these schools for his professional studies, and is seventeen or eighteen years of age before he is considered fit to leave them for the university. In proportion, also, to the other professional classes in the community, the clergy of Norway are richly endowed, and the church has always been the highest profession in the country, that to which talent is naturally directed. Law and medicine do not, as in Scotland, withdraw youth of promising abilities from the clerical profession. It is a necessary consequence, that candidates are educated up to its value, and estimation in society.

FIRE.

The congregation had just assembled, in the afternoon, for divine service. Some were thinking of their business—some of their amusements—some of their own dress, or that of their neighbors,—some were scarcely thinking of any thing, their minds being unoccupied and careless;—while some, it is hoped, were renewing, with christian feeling, the sacred and solemn scenes of the morning. The general aspect of the audience, though serious, as became the day, the place and the service, did not indicate any unusual apprehension among the hearers either in respect to their own danger or that of their associates.

On a sudden, apathy is dissipated—anxiety beams from every eye, and sits on every countenance. None are uninterested spectators. He who carelessly heard, in the morning, of the danger of destruction unless prevented by speedy repentance, is now under the evident influence of excited feeling. Hearts which in the morning, were unmoved by the glories of heaven are now beating with deep emotion. Why the change? Have new dangers suddenly gathered around the soul, threatening to sink it at once to the realms of despair? Are christians, suddenly awaking to the fearful condition of their impenitent friends, about to make a vigorous effort for their rescue? Or are these tokens of something which relates to the scenes of time? The alarm bell has told that a fire is breaking out, in some part of the city. One fears that it is his own home—another, that it is the home of a friend. They rush from their seats, to check the devouring element. He who carries within him the fires of unpardoned sin—fires which it will soon be too late to quench—fires which he makes no vigorous efforts to extinguish, breaks forth with the rest to save his property, if so be it is in danger. And even he who has no home or property to be injured, shares in the common apprehension.

What a change would come over our congregations, if men felt as deeply for their souls, and as anxious for their spiritual safety, as they feel for the safety of their houses,—if they felt as deeply for the souls of their friends, and were as prompt in rescuing them from spiritual danger, as they are prompt in rescuing their property from destruction,—if professed belief in the scenes of another world, were real belief—and the efforts of mankind, in behalf of themselves and of others, were proportioned to the magnitude of the evil to be shunned, whether it threatens the body or the soul, our interests in time or in eternity!—*Ct. Obs.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RETZSCH'S SKETCHES OF SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

(*Continued.*)

[Translated from the German.]

6. *Life's First Path. Vivos voco.*

'On his life's first way,
Greets it the beloved child.'

Awaited by a merry show, the festive procession moves under the sound of the bell to the gate of the church-yard, their glance directed to a part of the temple, where the little citizen of earth shall receive the holy rite, and at whose already open door, to which the pious pilgrimage is aimed, the sexton awaits their arrival. Then advances up the steps, the female bearer of the suckling, by a cross, wound with blooming rose-twigs, the sight of which not only mingles melancholy in the festive clang of joy, by the thought of departed love, but also by the emblem of agony and delight, entwining together, offers a true image of that changeable destiny to which all the earth born are subjected, and to which, also, this child must submit.

7. *Via crucis, via lucis!*

'For him yet rests in Time's lap,
The dark and the serene lot.'

The holy symbol of the Christian faith,—to which the priest points, while praying for the salvation of the tender nursling, about to be received into the Christian covenant,—as it is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end in the life of a true Christian, so it appears here as the root and branch of this close-twisted vine, which is propped by faith and patience, and which by the narrow limits within which it encloses the group that surrounds the font, shows allegorically the limitedness of our earthly existence. Thus sustained by Faith and Patience, the vine reaches up at the cross, and spreads out from it,—drooping as it is with its leaves yet unpruned, and its buds scarce unfolded, it signifies the wishes, hopes, and endeavors of man, which often prove sterile blossoms, often wither in the first unfolding, and but seldom produce fruit, or if they do bear fruit, it, as here, often unfolds mischievous demons out of the blossom; or as there,—languishing hopes, and embittered joys,—while the richest blossom buds, symbolical of human folly and guilt, ripen opposite into bells and thorn apples: far more seldom does the rose of joy sprout from the germ, as there on the left, or a cherub spring from it as on the right,—(near which the bad principle, in the form of a demon bird, busily hatches death, (sin,) while it far exceeds in fertility the better and nobler being, who on the right, broods fruitlessly over the numberless eggs, which show no growing life.)—The nursling sleeps, while the sponsor, standing beside the priest, holds him in his arms,

'For whom the dark and the bright lot,
Yet rest in the lap of Time.'

For though the hours which above burst from the bosom of eternity, are certainly of one race, and alike spotless children of time, (who praying sends them forth at the disposal of the Eternal,) yet the genii of Sorrow and Joy, continue on the right and left, and wait the commands which come to them from above, and distribute to the hours, whatever they shall bring to mortals, be it good or bad; the latter out of the urn wreathed with thorns and the passion-flower, and surrounded with demon heads; the former, out of the urn adorned with symbols of joy and prosperity.

No. 8.

'Of a mother's love, the tender cares
Watch his golden morn.'

While the happy husband, ceasing from his labor, glances delighted at the boy soft slumbering, the careful mother guards the sleeper, resting close by her in the cradle, from dazzling light, and stinging flies, by a coverlet and fan.

9. *The Flight of Years.*

'The years fly arrow-swift.'

The maiden who, by and by, appears to the young man returning from foreign lands, as a charming, blooming virgin, 'as a form out of Heaven's height,' is here a little girl, the neighbor playmate of the little boy. Busied in planting flowers, she stretches out her hand delighted, for the little rose-bush, which, the nursling, now grown into boyhood,—bursting with joyful haste through the neighboring gate, opened to him by his father,—holds out to her, to plant directly, as she with the other hand signifies, in the midst of her flower-kingdom. The same tender neighbor and playmate will, by and by,—as a grown maiden, accidentally surprised in the same place, tending the same rose tree, which she with unconscious inclination towards the beloved donor, has cherished,—confused and modest, stand opposite to the boy, who will in foreign lands, have ripened into a robust young man;—and even the little bush, which her father, the intelligent miller is now fastening to a stake, will soon have waxed to a tree able to support itself.

10. *The Departure from Home.*

For the parting greeting, the half-grown maiden by her father's side, has gone to the dwelling of the beloved youthful traveller. She seizes yet once more his arm to hold him back, and sinks down with weeping eyes on the hand of her father, who consoles her fruitlessly, and admonishes her to self-control; while he, swollen with youthful spirit, and desire to travel, hastens away, negligent of her tears, and nods a joyous farewell to his mother, yet uttering rules of life and admonitions, and to his father, thinking of him and following him with his eyes; till finally, after the distance and separation of a year, in him wakes also, out of unconscious slumber, to full and lively sense, the very same emotion which the pain of parting calls up in the maiden's bosom.

No. 11.

'He bursts forth wild, into life.'

Leaving behind with rapid step, two fellow-travellers, whom accident joined to our young wanderer, he has already in advance of them rushed up to the top of a cliff. Delighted he calls to his companions, painfully climbing after him, that a glorious expanse spreads out before his glance, pointing to the distant blue mountain, which he feels a continual impulse to reach, envying the bird, which on the aerial path with easy flight before him, quicker wins the desired point, as also that bark, that on the distant waves will soon vanish from his eyes.

No. 12.

The young wanderer 'measures the world with a walking staff;' foreign lands detain him long; then he returns home a stranger late to his father's house. Here wanders he in a rude zone—the path has been long lost in the snow—in a gloomy, perilous northern wood,—calling to the driver of a Russian sledge, accidentally approaching, who happily points out the uncertain direction, which he must take through the forest. Frighted by the nearness of the vehicle, hungry crows leave unwillingly the scanty meal which the wolves have left remaining to them, while they in the distance, prepare a new one, not far from the place where the traveller must pass. Will he ever return?

(*To be Continued.*)

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER

DR J. P. SMITH'S PREFACE TO ABBOTT'S CORNER STONE.

It is quite often, Mr Editor, even in the nineteenth century of the Christian Church, that Unitarians are obliged to find themselves denounced as heretics or unbelievers, denied the Christian name, and condemned to endless perdition, by certain of their Christian Brethren who think themselves possessed of infallibility. But it is not always so. Now and then, a voice comes out from among them, uttered in more wisdom and liberality, and with full as much sincerity, having (be it said to their praise) ten times the power and likelihood of effecting the purpose intended by them: which purpose we suppose to be, by a calm, and, so far as possible, rational explanation of their peculiar doctrines, to lead us to the adoption of them, and the renunciation of our own. Whether this is, or is not, often effected, I shall not now stop to say; but *if* attained, it must be by a catholic and affectionate manner. Denunciation, or the pronouncing of harsh judgments upon doctrines consientiously believed in, and practically leading to good works and a holy living is not very likely to quiet the mind and prepare it for embracing opposite views.

But as I have hinted, we sometimes meet with expressions in contrast to this bitter spirit, and I am happily able to instance at the present time a writer well known in the religious world, whose orthodoxy will not be questioned, who has honorably distinguished himself for his liberality and candor in his judgments of Unitarians. I refer to the Rev. J. Pye Smith of England—what he has said offers a just rebuke upon the conduct of some of his own friends, while it leads on our part, to a clearer conception of *their* doctrines and of the influence they may have upon the mind. His remarks are contained in the preface drawn up by him for the English Edition of Abbott's 'Corner Stone.' We wish that they will be read and pondered by all well meaning Christians, though it were too much perhaps to expect for them very general favor among his own party. As has been well said, 'The process is an admirable one, and by an inverse application of it to that which he points out, might be made available to the dissemination of Unitarian opinions.'

There is one department in the inseparable domain of theology and religion, upon Mr Abbott's treatment of which I should be very blameable, were I to withhold my convictions. Among us, as well as in the New England States, there is a body, large and respectable if considered absolutely, but far from large when viewed in comparison with the number of other professed Christians. It consists of those who disbelieve the doctrines held, as to their essential principles, by all other Christian denominations, with respect to the way in which sinful, guilty, degraded mankind may regain the favor of God, and the pure felicity of the world to come;—the doctrines of a divine Savior, his assumption of our nature, his propitiation and righteousness, and the restoration of holiness and happiness by his all-gracious Spirit. This class of persons is treated, by some public men, and in some influential writings chiefly periodical, with scorn and contumely, and are held up to hatred, not to say persecution; they are continually represented as blasphemers and infidels, alike dangerous to the State and inimical to all vital religion. Hence, thousands of excellent persons, deriving their only knowledge from the sources to which I have alluded, regard this portion of their neighbors with horror, never think of treating them with tenderness, never attempt to obtain a lodgment for truth and holy affections in their hearts. Ah, little think these well-meaning persons of the dishonor with which they impliedly brand the cause of the gospel, and the extensive injury which they inflict on the souls of their fellow-men!

'The circumstances of my life have put me into a condition of more correctly knowing this class of our fellow-professors of Christianity. I know that there are among them serious, thoughtful, amiable persons, whose minds are prepossessed with prejudices against us and our system, much to the same extent as we are against them and theirs. I know not merely how they reason, but *how they feel.* They in general have extremely erroneous conceptions of the orthodox system of faith. They have imbibed those misconceptions in early years; and subsequent circumstances have contributed to strengthen them. For some of those circumstances, of no trivial power to confirm prejudice, we have to blame ourselves.

This is a state of things full of mischief and danger. Surely it is a pressing duty to do all that we can for clearing away the clouds of ignorance and misrepre-

sentation which, with so dire effect, discolor and distort the objects seen through them.' For this purpose it is to me a heartfelt pleasure to say that Mr Abbott's 'Corner-Stone' is admirably adapted. Notions producing feelings, and those feelings of deep and wide activity in the formation of religious sentiments, have been derived from Pelagius, Socinus and Episcopius, from Clarke, Law and Watson, from Lardner, Priestley and Channing; and it is the thoroughly pervading influence on the mind of those mutually acting feelings and sentiments, which produces all that is formidable in the theoretical objections, and much of that which is effective in the practical repugnance which are entertained by many against the doctrines of grace and holiness, through the atonement and the spirit of Christ. How desirable, then, to meet those feelings in their germinating principle; to anticipate those sentiments by a dissolution of the causes which would form them! This is what our author has done. His reasonings and illustrations upon the personal and official attributes of our Lord and Savior are such as may be compared to the correctness of anatomical knowledge, the delicacy of touch and the astonishing preciseness of applying the probe and the knife, which we admire in the first surgeons of the age. In those processes of argumentation, and the imagery created to elucidate them, which general readers will only regard as satisfactory and beautiful, there is what will be immediately felt by the class to which I allude, something which will go to the excision of a deep-seated prejudice, or the rectifying of a false assumption, or the bringing forth of a truth, now brightly shining in its own evidence, but which had been before buried deep under the black and cold ashes of unsuspected ignorance. If this class of persons could be induced seriously, candidly, and with fervent prayer to the Author of truth and the Fountain of mercy, to read this book, I am fully certain that most happy results would follow. May they thoroughly consider and practically apply the divine axiom, 'Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.'"

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

"*He that is dead, is freed from sin.*—Romans, vi. 7.*

I am unable to see how any argument can be correctly drawn from this text in favor of no future punishment, or against future eternal punishment. And yet I fully believe that the modern Universalist who pretends to deny the truth of a future retribution—a *truth*, I think, as clearly and fully taught as any other in the Bible—can derive legitimately as much support, for his singular and unscriptural notion, from this text as he can from any other. And to say it teaches that death—the extinction of animal life,—frees every man from sin, and, therefore, from all sufferings on account of his sins, seems to be a fair specimen of the way and manner in which 'they that are unlearned and unstable wrest the scriptures to their own destruction.' The tex proves nothing either in favor of no future punishment, or in confutation of endless punishment. It appears strange indeed, that any intelligent person should use it for either purpose. It says nothing about punishment, or a future world. It merely affirms, as a conclusion from the foregoing reasoning, the reasoning which immediately precedes it, that he who is dead is freed from sin. The term *dead* here, means nothing more than when we say, the reformed man is dead to his vicious practices—that he who has quit going to the theatre, as all ought to, is dead to its dangerous, fascinating allurements—that the truly magnanimous are dead to mean actions,—the truly benevolent and humble, to avarice and ambition; or, than the Bible means when it says, that the sinner is dead to unrighteousness—the Christian is dead to sin—that is, to their influence, dominion, control.

If Paul had meant temporal death, then the text would have been a proof text of Universalism, and not only a confutation of endless punishment, but of future limited punishment, and all punishment hereafter, because the freedom from sin of which it speaks can be none other than a work of God on the soul, and must be accompanied with such a sense and assurance of the divine favor, pardon and forgiveness, that the remorse of conscience, which would otherwise be an ever gnawing, never dying worm and unquenchable fire in the soul that has sinned, would be robbed of its sting, destroyed. We must admit this, or believe that the redeemed in heaven, who have been, or shall be freed from sin, will be eternally miserable—eternally the victims, the prey of an outraged conscience—a tormenter, according to my apprehensions, far worse, far more to be dreaded, than ten thousand hells of literal fire and brimstone.

But Paul obviously means no such thing. He says, in the text, nothing about puhishment, or a future world. He simply means that the real Christian is dead to the allurements, the desire, the practice of sin,—is justified, emancipated, set at liberty, freed from the power and dominion of his cruel and unnatural master, sin. He does not mean that the Christian while in this world is free from all sins—sins of ignorance, infirmity, &c., but that he has ceased to sin wilfully, knowingly. This is what every genuine Christian must do; what no one can be a true Christian without doing. He means that the real Christian has done with sinning knowingly, wilfully—and is alive to the active, careful, and diligent practice of every thing which he knows to be good, virtuous, holy. 'And they that are Christians,' (true Christians) 'have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, and the like.' To all such things, i. e. to the practice of them, the Christian is *dead*; and he that is thus dead, as I said to the Romans, I say also to you Galatians, is freed from all such sins, but alive to the works of the spirit, viz 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, every thing good and virtuous.' Gal. 5; 19, 20, 21. 22, 23, 24. 'For ye are *dead*'—*ye living Christians*—'are dead to sin, and your life is hid with Christ in God.' Colossians iii. 3. See also, 1 Peter, iv. 1—3. Gal ii. 20. Every truly converted soul is said to be dead unto sin, because it is no longer in bondage to sin; it is freed from its dominion, as a slave is, by death, from the control and dominion of his master. Every sinner is the slave of sin, and when he renounces it, becomes dead to it, he is freed from its service. The process through which he passes to get rid of this unnatural master, may be likened unto death, and he rises to a new life, to spiritual life and happiness; becomes alive, under the dominion of his natural and rightful master,—*righteousness*. Christ is formed in him, acts in him, and operates through him. In other words, the same mind is in him that was in Christ Jesus, or his thoughts, affections and conduct, resemble Christ's. And thus must it be with every man, according to the infallible word, before he can be saved from error, sin, and moral death, by the only savior, Jesus Christ.

The Apostle's meaning in the text may be more clearly seen by consulting the context. Rom. vi. 1. Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? verse 2. God forbid! are we not *dead* already to sin, and therefore freed from it? How then can we act as if we were alive to it—under its dominion? It is no more impossible for a dead man to put forth the actions of life, than it is for a *real Christian* to *desire* to sin. The objection therefore, Rom. v. 20. has no weight. For the true Christien is dead to sin, that is, he does not continue to practice it. He strives to destroy its influence over him. He has no affection for it; and it has no attractions for him, any more than the things of life have for a dead man. We Christians, when, verse 3. we were baptised unto Christ's death, that is, when we professed his religion, and were devoted to his service,—consecrated to him as our leader and savior, professed to renounce, to die, to sin, and pledged ourselves to live to God—to live as Christ commands us to live—to love God supremely and our fellow men as ourselves. We, therefore, verse 4. were buried with Christ by our baptism unto death. In other words, as Christ by temporal death become insensible to the things of this world, so we, when consecrated to his service, or when we professed our devotion to his cause, were, if sincere, buried with him as it were, i. e. became dead and buried to sin as respects any affection for it, in a manner similar to that in which Christ was dead and buried to the world. And as God, we know, has raised him from the dead, we must now live as he lived without desiring to sin, and not as we lived before we were dedicated to his service. Our life now, like Christ's, is a resurrection, a new life, a spiritual life, a life of righteousness. Thus verse 5 we are intimately united with Christ in death or in the likeness of his death. As he was crucified, so we are crucified, i. e. our body of immorality—we have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts, or we are crucified unto the world and the world to us, and we still live, yet not we, but Christ lives in us, if so be that we have suffered with him and ceased to sin. We now resemble him who has risen from the dead. Like plants, or grain we were planted or sowed in the same field, and we now produce—bring forth, the same fruit;—the fruits of the spirit. In this way we resemble, we are a likeness to Christ's death and resurrection. As he died and was buried to the world, so we have died and been buried to sin. As he rose from the grave and ascended to heaven, so we have risen from the death of sin, moral death, to a life of holiness. And this life and death are not new things to Christians. We all know, verse 6. that our old man, not our natural body, but our whole body of sin—our sinful desires and affections—is crucified, dead, and buried. So that sin is no longer our master, any more than the slave holder is master of his dead slave; for, verse 2. he who has crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts—or his immoral desires, affections and practices, is as really dead to and freed from the service of sin, as the slave, who is dead and buried, is to the service of his master. Let Christians therefore, verse 11. consider themselves dead indeed unto sin—dead to the practice of it—freed from its cruel servitude—and bound under the strongest—under immutable and everlasting obligations to live to God. To endeavor faithfully and continually, as Christ did, both by precept and example, to promote God's glory and the conversion, reformation, perfection, and happiness of the world. Remember then Christians, verse 12. that sin, the master to whose service, you, by your profession are *dead*, must not be suffered to reign, to [illegible] over you. But, verse 13, live as those that are alive from the dead. Give yourselves unreservedly to God. Be guided and governed entirely by the will of God, and not by self will, appetites, or passions. You must not obey sin, verse 16, for such are the servants, the slaves of sin. But yield willing, cheerful obedience to God. Consecrate your physical, mental, and moral energies to His service.

The text then has no reference to temporal death, or a future world, but only to the *death or destruction of the power and authority of sin over the minds, and bodies of Christians*. It cannot therefore, with any propriety be made to support the *absurd theory* of no future punishment, or to oppose the 'common notion of endless torments among the devils.' If he who is dead to sin, i. e. freed from its dominion, as every *real* Christian is, continues so to the end—continues to hate sin and abstain from the willing practice of it, and faithfully follows Christ, serves God until temporal or natural death, he will most unquestionably be saved. But if the reverse—he will undoubtedly be damned, i. e. condemned. He is condemned already. Every person in Christendom, capable of becoming so, but who is not a Christian, is condemned already. Because he does despite to the spirit of grace, neglects the great salvation, and will not do what the Bible, his reason and conscience, and every thing in the world, teaches him that *he is free to do, can do, and must do*, if he would do his duty and be happy—be saved with an everlasting salvation. Death has no power whatever to absolve the sinner from the guilt and condemnation of sin. He, therefore, who continues a sinner till he dies, must inevitably suffer the awful fate of the servant who hid his Lord's money.

Jesus Christ is the only savior of sinners. We know nothing of any other savior. The Gospel means are the only means of salvation. If, therefore, it can be proved from the Bible, that Christ will exert his power in the future world, to save these who are not saved by him here—who die impenitent—and that the Gospel means of salvation will there be used with them to bring them to repentance—then, indeed, we may well indulge the hope that all will finally be saved. But if this cannot be proved, then, we cannot, authoritatively, indulge any such hope—it would be impious. *For without holiness*, says the infallible word, *no man shall see the Lord*. And it further teaches that no sinner can become holy without *genuine repentance—thorough reformation*.

The Bible every where teaches the certainty of a future reribution. Whether the Bible affords any proof of the final restoration of all men to holiness and happiness, is a question which cannot now be considered. But I do know, that reason, nature, conscience, and the whole Bible, utter but one senteuce against the scheme of no future pnuishment—and that sentence is, that it is *impious, deceptive* and *fallacious*.

The grace of God, blessed be his holy name, has indeed appeared, bringing salvation—the means, and free offer of salvation to all mankind; but the everlasting, unqualified conditions on which sinners are to be saved by this grace, are, that they deny themselves all ungodliness and worldly lusts and live soberly, righteously and godly in this world. I know not of a single unconditional promise of salvation in the Bible. Whatever there teaches any thing about human salvation from sin, gives us the most conclusive evidence that, unless we sincerely and earnestly endeavor to conform our hearts and lives to the will of God, and obey the precepts and follow the example of Christ, we cannot be saved. Christ has become the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. Heb. v. 9. Obedience to Christ then, as it is the only proper and sure test of the Christian conversion, character, and name, so it is the great and only condition of any, and every man's everlasting salvation from error and sin, and their awful consequences in this world and in all worlds.

The above is part of that sublime, heaven-eminating, soul-renovating faith which was once delivered to the saints—which is destined to overcome the world, and which the trumpeter of no future retribution denounces as 'husks.'

S.

* See the last Register Art. 'Thoughts on Romans iv. 7.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION AT BERNARDSTON.

Dear Sir,—As it is interesting to the religious community, and especially to the friends of the Sabbath Schools to read of the various Celebrations of the young, I propose to give some account of one which I attended on the 25 October in Bernardston.

The day was unfavorable, being very wet, and consequently the audience was very small. Before the exercises commenced, the superintendant, Mr Cushman, remarked, that the occasion was not an examination, or exhibition, but the celebration of the Anniversary of the School established in the Parish. He proposed to show the manner in which the school is usually conducted upon the Sabbath, not what attainments or progress had been made by the pupils during the past season. It was a pleasant, holy sight to see the broad aisle pews filled with children and their teachers; and in the gallery, directly in front of the pulpit, arranged in one row, occupying two long seats, the small children comprising the Juvenile Class. At the sound of the superintendant's bell the attention of the School was given to him, and all arose in their seats. The exercises commenced with the children repeating from memory one of their hymns, and then singing it to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' led by a few voices of the Church choir. After this an excellent, simple and comprehensive prayer was repeated by all, while they inclined their foreheads, resting them upon their hands on the front of the pew. It was an impressive sight. Every one must have felt that it was good to be there, and hear the united voices of so many young immortal spirits. If there be any thing to solemnize the thoughts it is to witness such devotion, when the prayer is repeated, as on this occasson, in a suppressed voice and apparently with deep sincerity. If there be anything to unite a village in the bonds of peace and good will, it is to bring them together when young, that they may hear their own voices blending in prayer to the same, common Heavenly Parent. I felt an irrepressible impulse to join in this simple and appropriate service. To this followed questions upon the history of Sabbath Schools, answered in a loud and distinct manner by the whole school. This exercise must serve to awaken an interest in this and o[illegible] schools and the knowledge of their past condition must lead them to inquire them, when they have left the scho[illegible] keep up the interest in this g[illegible] Questions were also asked upon the Epistle of James, relating to the author of it and to the subjects contained in it. The answers to the last were generally given in the very language of the epistle, showing that they must have committed the chief part, if not the whole to memory. This would naturally lead one to inquire, if it were not a mechanical exercise, more of the memory than of the heart. Great pains have been taken to make the children understand the full meaning of the words which they repeat. There might have been some answers given without understanding them, and among so many it would be proper to expect it. But judging from the manner, these instances were probably rare.

The Juvenile class was then questioned. Evidently their teacher had made 'Gallaudet's Child's book on the Soul the basis of her manner of instruction. The answers of the children were pleasantly interspersed with verses, suggested by the answerers, which they sung; thus giving variety to the exercise and keeping up the interest and attention of the little ones. Then the whole school was asked some general questions, one of which had been given to them each sabbath during the past term, to which the children found answers themselves. The exercises of the school were closed by singing a hymn to the tune of Old Hundred.

There was then an addresss, delivered by Mr W. G. Woodward who has shown in times past a deep interest in the cause of Sabbath schools. It set forth the value of this school to the young, since this life is preparatory to another, demanding a moral preparation; the claim of the school upon the interest and aid of the parents; and the encouragements to the teachers. It was listened to with interest, and spoken of with great pleasure.

The sixth annual report of the superintendant was afterwards read, showing a large increase in the number of scholars and a very regular attendance. There is connected with this school 180 children. This speaks highly for it, since the immediate village is rather small; it speaks well for the teachers that they interest their pupils. The increase and regular attendance should be an encouragement to them never to be weary in well doing. They have collected many children whose parents do not attend to religious worship. The school is a blessing to the village. The whole service was closed by a prayer, and by singing the well known concluding hymn,

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;—

An invitation was given to all present to repair with the children to a hall, where a collation had been prepared; it was simple, abundant, appropriate. There were probably over two hundred present—though crowded, there was no confusion. Indeed good order, and propriety were characteristic of the whole conduct of the children upon this occasion. After some remarks intended to remind the young that religion can be carried into festival occasions, and a blessing having been asked by the Pastor, Rev. Mr Rogers, the refreshments were handed to the children by their teachers. Every thing throughout the celebration bespoke the character of the superintendant, his devotion and zeal, his simplicity and sincerity of heart, his good judgment and his useful experience. In a short time all were dispersed and many hearts and homes were made glad. The day has been notched among happy recollections. May many such treasures be laid up in store by the young for the reflections of old age.

O. C. E.

FROM THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CONVERSATION IN SCHOOL.

NO. 2.

Teacher. If you will be attentive, we have time this morning, to resume our conversation; have you any particular question to ask?

Pupil. You said the Latin language is necessary to assist us in understanding the terms made use of in science,—I wish to know what science means?

T. For what is *scio* the Latin?

P. For *I know*.

T. Science means that which is known. Many interesting things not known to you, are familiar to others; the wise endeavor to convey to the minds of the young the result of their experience, that they also may become scientific. Omniscience means all knowledge. God alone is omniscient.

P. When I attended Proffessor Silliman's lectures on Chemistry, I could not understand them; I suppose because I did not know the meaning of the words he used.

T. It is not expected that you who are not more than twelve years old, should understand all you hear; you should seek information on what is obscure, and you will rejoice in the new light thrown upon your studies.

P. I have brought some shells: will you tell us some interesting story about them? and I wish to know if the purple cloth and silk we see, are dyed with the coloring in the throat of fishes?

T. No, we are now indebted to the cochineal insect, which sucks the red juice of the fruit of a plant, called opuntia, which grows in New Spain; these insects are dried, and within them is found beautiful red dust, used in dyeing the various tints of red and purple. I cannot promise you a story about all the shells you may have, but I will try to gratify you presently. Do you remember who Linnæus was?

P. He was a Swede, a great botanist and physician.

T. He died about sixty years ago, but he left to us the result of his researches.

P. He divided plants into classes according to the number of stamens; perhaps, he has classed shells?

T. He has, according to the number of pieces in each shell; conformably to his system there are three classes, called Multivalve, Bivalve, and Univalve.

P. That is, with many, two valves, or one valve.

T. Those fish which are covered with many shells have also something like curled hair belonging to them, on which account they are called cirripides. The Chiton is, by some, supposed to have been the shell first discovered; its name signifies coat of mail; it has several valves, placed over one another, so that it can roll itself up like a ball; here is the picture of one.

P. I do not think it very pretty.

T. This is a picture of a lepas: you see it has a tube, by which it is stuck fast to a piece of [illegible] ound except attached to has made some people [illegible]rmation, and from a ose!

T. With God, all things are possible; such a transformation would not be more astonishing than that of a caterpillar to a butterfly, or of the little worm, which, after performing its task of spinning some yards of silk, becomes a fluttering moth. We also know that *we* shall rise from our own sleep of death, and, beautifully and wonderfully as we are now made, it will be in a glorious and improved state; may it not depend upon the progress we make here in knowledge and virtue, whether we shall be qualified to fill that superior station our Heavenly Father ordains for his boloved children?

P. I thought if we were good, it was not necessary we should be learned!

T. Not necessary, perhaps, to those who have not the means of acquiring learning; but very desirable to such as have; will one of you repeat to me the parable of the talents?

[*A pupil speaks the substance of the parable.*]

T. Very well. There are in the world many little children to whom the reading of the Bible is denied;—how many talents should you think they have?

P. One.

T. You all have ten; you have not only the Bible given you, but are taught to study it to the best advantage. Your parents spare no expense nor trouble to ensure to you all the means of acquiring the knowledge which you are capable of receiving; see that you hide not your talents; cultivate them as you would your favorite flowers, and they will bud, blossom, become fruit, and ripen for eternal life, never to wither, never to die.——I will now tell you a story. Some years ago, some people who were walking on the esplanade, at Sidmouth, a small town on the sea coast in England, saw a fishing vessel sink into the sea; it had sprung a leak, and the few persons in it were drowned; all that benevolence dictated was done to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed families of the lost seaman, and the circumstance was by many forgotten. Twenty years afterwards, to the great astonishment of the people at Sidmouth, the same vessel was seen to rise slowly and majestically from its ocean bed.

[*The pupils manifest great surprise, and ask if it can be true, and if the people were not much frightened?*]

T. I believe it to be true. Ignorant people were perhaps alarmed, but philosophers sought for the cause of so extraordinary a phenomenon, and found it in the fact of a number of lepades being attached to every part of the vessel.

P. But the fish, even if they had become geese, could not fly up with the vessel.

T. Had they been geese, they could not have done it; but as lepades, they did. The tubes by which they were attached to the vessel were filled with air, which rendered it specifically lighter than the water, and it rose as a balloon rises in the atmospheric air.

P. I should think people might learn from this to put tubes filled with light air to vessels to prevent their sinking, then, we should not hear of shipwrecks.

T. That is a philosophical remark, and shows that you begin to see the use of science; and you may possibly be gratified hereafter by finding the same thought has occurred to one able to apply it to some useful purpose.

P. What does Lepas mean?

T. The word, I believe, means scale, bark, or covering; but animals of this kind have other names; anatifa lævis, by Lamarck; and barnacles, by the common people in Scotland, where they are found in large numbers. The next shell I shall present to your notice is that of a pholas, a name very descriptive of the habits of the creature which occupies it; the meaning of pholas is, I lie connected;—when quite young, it begins to bore a small hole in a rock, and works its way slowly but surely; as it grows, it changes the course of the excavation, and enlarges its cell, which has something the form of the bowl of a tobacco pipe; here it exists, to all appearance, one of the most useless of created beings; the salt water which washes into the hole, is sufficient nourishment; and its body is supplied with seven ounces of fluid, so beautifully luminous, that its apartment must be exceedingly brilliant.

P. How can they cut through the hard rock? do they not break their shells to pieces?

T. They do not use their shells; their tongues are the excavating instruments.

P. Cut through rocks with their tongues!

T. It is indeed surprising; but naturalists inform us that it is so; they have a solvent liquid in their mouths, which softens the rock, and enables the animal to progress.

P. I think they must be very dull and lonely.

T. It is ascertained that a number of Pholades live near one another; their modes of communication I am not acquainted with; doubtless, they can entertain one another, as they have nourishment and light, without the trouble of seeking either. Experiments have been made to render the light permanent. Dr Priestly states that the fish may be dried, and its light revived on being nourished with water:—the Pholas is sometimes eaten, and esteemed a delicacy: it is said to illuminate the mouths of those who eat it.

P. This is the most wonderful of all!

T. I have more wonders in store for you, and if, by relating them to you in language you understand, I can cause your hearts to glow with grateful feeling toward the great mechanic, who has permitted us to use the creatures he has made, I shall have my reward, and your time will not all be employed.

P. Is God a mechanic?

T. Can a more noble name be given to him? Did he not make this fair world, the sun, and all the beauteous host of heaven;—the sea, with the cunning and curious inhabitants thereof;—and give to all their proper enjoyments, with the means of providing for and defending themselves?—and what power but that of an omniscient being could effect such wonders? could chance? impossible;—the wisest of human beings? no;—a multitude of superior beings we know not of? worse still:—confusion would have been the result. One mind formed the original plan; his hand alone could obey its dictates; we can only wonder and adore, and humbly, very humbly, imitate the Creator, the great, the first mechanic. MATER.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A WORD IN REPLY TO W.

Mr Editor,—I hardly know how to take our young brother, who writes in the last Register over the signature of W. and who professes to be *a very young minister*. For myself I confess I do not like his communication in your last paper. It does not seem to be written in the spirit of one who loves and reverences the Bible, as every minister and every Christian ought to do. If what he has written is intended for wrong, it is but a poor imitation of Bishop Hare's admirable letter on the same subject. If it is meant to be a just representation of the difficulties he has found in the critical study of the Scriptures, I am sorry he does not speak of those difficulties in a way less offensive to pious ears. It may be owing to the prejudices of education; but I confess I never could endure to hear even the strangest stories that we find in the Bible, mentioned in a jesting way. It always grieves me, and I cannot but think that the effect on the reader or hearer is pernicious.

I may possibly be as liberal in my interpretation of the passages referred to in that communication as W. himself; but my feelings and my judgment would forbid me to speak of them in a way would be likely to grieve any of the lowly disciples of Jesus, or that would give occasion to the enemies of the Bible, to blaspheme. Let the Bible be studied 'carefully, critically.' Let all the light of modern science be shed upon its dark passages. If the investigation be pursued with an humble spirit and an upright mind and in the love of the truth, I fear not the result. I will abide by it. Whatever I cannot honestly retain I will reject, though it should be the whole. But I am bound to respect the feelings—even the innocent prejudices, of my brethren; and, on a subject of so serious a nature, I will abstain from sarcasm and levity, 'lest I make my brother to offend.' A LOVER OF THE BIBLE.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 11, 1837.

W. &c.

A letter under the above signature found its way into the last Register. We are rather surprised to find that some of our readers should have been deceived and scandalized as to the design of its author, and should have entertained, for a single moment, the notion, that the Editor would have admitted into these columns anything whose design or tendency was to do irreverence to the book of God. But since such has been the case—we beg our friends to give heed to the following brief explanation of the matter.

The 'letter' was written by a brother clergyman, who is settled in a neighboring town, and was placed in our hand, accompanied by a note expressing the most sincere and earnest desire that it might have the effect that he intended and expected it would produce—viz. to stir up a zeal for the scriptures, and to excite the minds of those who might read it, to a more attentive, careful, and devout perusal of those sacred writings.

To this note the writer affixed his real signature, and we may be allowed to say that it was the name of one, against whom—among the last of all the Brethren—the charge of *impiety* would be brought by the readers of the Register.

Prepared by our personal knowledge of the excellent spirit that is in the writer and also by his very serious note, we opened and read the letter. And although it was very far from such as we should have written for a similar object, yet, upon the whole, it seemed to us that *good* and *not evil* would result from its publication.

And for the following reasons.

1. It had its birth in a pious heart, and was uttered with a singly good intent. It came from a tried friend of God, and advocate of the truth, and not from a suspicious person, or an enemy in disguise.

2. The tone of *irony* which pervaded it from beginning to end, was sufficiently manifest, to show at once—that the edge of the writer's instrument was turned in a direction exactly opposite to that in which he was apparently cutting.

3. The doubts and difficulties suggested were by no means new or uncommon, or gigantic or unanswerable—so as to terrify the righteous lest their *foundation should be shaken*—but rather a specimen of the weakness and folly and absurdity of the adversary's legion.

4. We expected, as we hinted, that an able reply—for which the letter offered a grand opportunity—might be elicited from some of the *Fathers in the faith*, that would do substantial good to minds in that particular state to which W. gave a key. Indeed, we did not know but that W. had built up a man of straw for his own strong arm to demolish.

Such were some of our reasons for publishing the letter of W.

We hope they will prove satisfactory to all our Readers.

And now one word with regard to the *effects* of W.'s letter.

It has evidently stirred up the holy jealousy and indignation of some of our pious readers, and thereby accomplished a worthy purpose. As a specimen, we cannot forbear to publish the following note, which we received a day or two ago;—although it is anonymous, and we have no reckoning with regard to its author.

Worcester County, Nov. 7, 1837.

Sir,—Notwithstanding I have been a subscriber and constant reader of the Register since the day of its first publication, I have never seen an article in its pages, which has given me the pain and grief I have suffered in perusing the communication in your last paper signed W. If I had not noticed the editorial reference to it, I should have readily concluded in my own mind, that a great mistake had been made in its destination; that it was intended by the writer for the columns of Abner Kneeland's paper, instead of those of the Christian Register. Yours, &c., J. C.

We beg leave to assure Mr J. C., that had we given to W. the same literal interpretation that he has given, we should never have afforded him occasion, by publishing the letter in our columns, for the pain and grief that he has suffered in perusing it.

But in order that our own *Orthodoxy* upon the subject of the Scriptures, may not be brought into suspicion in this suspicious world, we will embrace this opportunity honestly to avow, that, of all marvellous things, there is none to us more so, than the indifference with which the *Book of Life* is regarded, and the superficiality and infrequency with which it is consulted by us pilgrims to eternity.

And perhaps W. has after all, chosen as good a way as any to stir up zeal and interest—for homilies would not be read; and sober expressions of the importance and value of a right understanding of the scriptures would not be heeded,—whereas, a little covert satire, and a touch of irony, sometimes prove wonderfully efficacious.

But as we were saying—we know of no greater matter of wonder than the way in which we mortals treat the word of God. The way of our sojourn is beset with fearful mysteries—here is the key that makes all plain—and yet we grope and wonder and complain—and will not employ it. Our minds are harassed with gloomy doubts and apprehensions—here shines the pole-star of light and guidance to every soul through its darkest night, which tempests cannot cloud nor quench—and yet we let the blackness of darkness settle down upon us, and give ourselves to be playthings for the surges of misfortune and despair. We go apart, and brood and mourn over, and tremble at the memory of our transgressions—here is the fountain whose waters can wash out every strain from our hearts—and yet we will rather bear along our loathesome leprosy and heavy remorse, than step down and bathe in this *Jordan*. We are weak, and foolish and blind—here is strength, and wisdom, and a bosom of peace, to lead us along and hold us up, and bear us safe pillowed over stumbling block and chasm—and yet we thrust it away from us, and faint, and falter, and fall. We start with horror at the gloomy portal of the tomb and the approaching blast of the Trump of Judgment—here is the friend that can sweetly spread light upon the walls of the silent mansion, and bring to our ears soft echoes of the harpings of happy seraphim—and yet we turn our backs upon it and go timidly and unblest on our dreary way.

This wonder—so discreditable to humanity, so greatly reproachful to Christians, so lamentable to every one who is interested in the progress of man—we do not doubt, was in the mind of W. as a matter of the most serious contemplation, when he wrote the 'Letter;' neither do we doubt that it was his honest aim to lend, in his own way, his own influence to make it less.

But we answer for him unauthorized.

REV. E. S. GANNETT.

We are indebted to our friend, J. Lee, Esq., for the subjoined extract from a letter lately received from England, bearing date, Birmingham, Sept. 29, which furnishes the latest correct intelligence in regard to the movements and health of our absent brother.

'On the Sunday evening before the last, I was agreeably surprised after public service was concluded, to meet with Rev. Mr Gannett and lady. He recognized me, and addressed me, or perhaps I should not have discovered his contiguity.

I introduced him immediately to the Rev. Mr Hutton, and our friend E. L., and fixed that they should remove to my house the next day, where I was very well pleased to entertain them, until last Saturday,—when they took the rail-road to Liverpool. While with me, they dined on Monday, at E. L.'s, in company with three Unitarian ministers;—on Tuesday at Mr S.'s,—and on Wednesday at Rev. Mr Hutton's.

On Thursday they went with us to the Town Hall to hear the oratorio of the Messiah—with the performance of which they expressed themselves highly delighted. (The oratorio was for the benefit of the Hospital in Birmingham, and the collection amounted to *eleven thousand two hundred and twenty four pounds, seven shillings and eight pence*—about $50,000—which sum, on account of the present pecuniary embarrassment, is less than the amount obtained in 1834, by more than 2000 pounds.) We are now expecting them every day, on their return through this place to London.

Mr G. has certainly derived great benefit from his tour on the continent. But though in good health and spirits, I am still apprehensive that he is not yet very strong. He is anxious to see Dr Boot, as he intends to be guided by his advice, whether they shall return to the U. S. in November, or remain in England till February. For myself, I think he ought certainly to spend the winter in England, and feel very confident that Dr B. will agree with me in this opinion.'

IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

We find it stated in the Vermont Chronicle, that the Rev. George Cowles, who was lost in the wreck of the Steam Packet Home, on the 9th of October, was a member of the Class which graduated at the Theological Seminary, in Andover, Mass. Sept. 21, 1824. It is rather remarkable that three members of the same class, nearly of the same age, all married, all possessed of talents of a high order, and all engaged in the ministry, should have fallen asleep suddenly, during the last month and within a very few days of each other,—viz. Rev. W. W. Hunt, pastor of the North Church in Amherst Ms.—who died in a fainting fit without a moment's warning, on the 5th—Mr Cowles, on the 9th—and Rev. Oramel S. Hinckley, Professor of languages in Oakland College, Miss., who died at Natches, on the 13th—after a few days illness of the yellow fever.

Our readers remember how sublimely and serenely, the spirits of Mr. Cowles and lady were rapt away in the storm.—A writer in the New Orleans Observer of the 7th, who was present at the death of the latter, alludes to it in the following manner.

'I shall ever regard it as one of the happiest circumstances of my life, that I was permitted to stand by the dying bedside of this servant of God. As I gazed upon his calm and placid features, upon the sweet smile which occasionally played round his lips, and as I witnessed his triumphant and peaceful exit from time to eternity, I could not help inwardly exclaiming,

> 'O, for the death of those
> Who slumber in the Lord;
> O, be like theirs, my last repose,
> Like theirs, my last reward:'

Would that every infidel in the land could have witnessed this signal instance of the power of Divine Grace to sustain the soul under the most afflictive and trying circumstances.'

The Plymouth County Bible Society held their annual meeting at Scituate. Sermon by Rev. Mr Brooks, of Hingham. The Rev. Dr Kendall was chosen President—Rev. Charles Brooks, Secretary, and Nathaniel Russel Esq. Treasurer. This society have recently sent $650 as a present to the American Bible Society and propose sending some money every year. The following resolution was unanimously adopted, 'That the meeting next year shall be at 10 o'clock A. M, of the appointed day, when a sermon shall be delivered and contributions collected—and that there shall be another meeting at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day, for inquiry and discussion; and that the inquiry next year shall be—*Is the Bible used in our common schools?*—and the discussion shall be—*Ought the Bible to be used in our common Schools?*—[COMMUNICATED.]

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS AND OTHERS.

The stated semi-annual meeting of this our oldest missionary society was held on Thursday last in the room of the American academy. From the report of the select committee it appeared, that the operations of the past year were to a large extent directed to the West. To Michigan, Illinois, and Missouri, missionaries have been sent, and have been cordially welcomed in places destitute of a regular ministry. The Rev. Mr Eliot in the vicinity of St. Louis, the Rev. Mr Thurston in Tremont and Pekin, the Rev. Mr Huntoon (now of Cincinnati) in Peoria, Illinois, and Rev. Alpheus Harding of New Salem in various places selected by himself, on his missionary tour, as most needing spiritual aid—have all been engaged in the course of the year, and from the manner in which their services have been received, there appeared good reason to hope, that they would be attended with lasting benefit.

Rev. S. G. Bulfinch has also been employed and is now faithfully laboring in Pittsburgh and its destitute vicinity. He unites the instruction of a school with his pastoral labors; and from his tried zeal and ability may be anticipated the most desirable results.

The Rev. Mr Rogers of Bernardston who has been for many years a devoted servant of the society has continued his assiduous labors; and from Vernon and other neighboring destitute places, the committee receive constant and very gratifying evidence of the acceptance and usefulness of his mission.

The condition of the Indians at the three settlements at Martha's Vineyard and at the Narraganset, still engages the attention of the society. Since the death of Rev. Mr Baylies, who for more than twenty years was employed as their Teacher, no regular mission to them has been supported. But a committee of enquiry are engaged in ascertaining their actual condition. The result of which, to be communicated at the next annual meeting, will be the basis of the future operations of the society in relation to them. From a former mission of enquiry made two years since, it appeared, that they were already greatly diminished in numbers and were fast mingling with the surrounding population.

At this meeting the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall of Salem, and the Rev. George Ripley of Boston were elected members of the Society.

We rejoice in the labors of this venerable Missionary institution, and we trust that with the blessing of divine Providence they may be the instrument of great spiritual good.—[*Communicated.*

A SERMON preached to the First Congregational Society in Deerfield, Mass., and in the hearing of several Indians of both sexes, supposed to be descendants of Eunice Williams, daughter of Rev. John Williams, first minister of Deerfield. By John Fessenden, Minister of the Church in Deerfield.

The preface to this discourse fully explains the occasion on which it was delivered, and it presents some interesting details, which, in connexion with the recent visit of a different and more distant tribe of Indians to this city, cannot, we think, be uninteresting to our readers. We therefore copy it at length.

For the sake of those, who may not be familiar with the history of Deerfield, should it come to the perusal of any such, some personal notices of Eunice Williams ought perhaps to be added. After the surprisal and capture of this town by a hostile force of French and Indians from Canada on the night of the 29th of Feb. 1704, she was carried away by the enemy, at a tender age into captivity, with her father's family and many others, inhabitants of Deerfield. Not obtaining her release at the time her father and some others, her companions in captivity, were redeemed about two years afterwards, she gradually acquired a relish for the savage mode and habits of living, and became connected in marriage with an Indian, with whom she lived to the end of her life. 'Sometime after the war' says Gen. Hoyt in his Antiquarian Researches, 'she, with her husband, visited her relations in Deerfield, dressed in the Indian costume, and though every persuasion was tried to induce her to abandon the Indians, and to remain with her connexions, all proved ineffectual; she returned to Canada, and there ended her days, a true savage. At various times since, several of her descendants have visited Deerfield and other towns in New England, claiming relationship with the descendants of the Rev. Mr Williams, and have been hospitably received.' On the 22d of last month our village was visited by two or three families of Indians, amounting in all to twenty three of various ages, calling themselves by the name of Williams on the ground of being descendants of Eunice. The eldest of the party, a woman, stating her age to be eighty years, claimed to be the grand-daughter of Eunice, adding that she perfectly remembered her grandmother; a fact not improbable, inasmuch, as Eunice being only seven years old when carried away, and having as is well known lived to a great age, this woman must have been about twenty at the time of her decease, on the supposition that she attained an age equal to her own. If these persons truly inherit the name of Williams according to their statement, their kindred in Deerfield must be numerous, and it is but just to say, that those of the name were not slow to admit their claim, but uniformly called them 'our cousins.' During their short stay, a little more than a week, they encamped in the vicinity of the village,—employed their time not otherwise occupied, in making baskets,—visited the graves of their ancestors, the Rev. Mr Williams and wife, and attended divine service on Sunday in an orderly and reverent manner. They refused to receive company on the Sabbath, and at all times, and in all respects, seemed disposed to conduct themselves decently and inoffensively. During their sojourn with us, partly perhaps on account of the unusual nature and circumstances of the visit, and partly no doubt on account of the rarity of any of the descendants of this race of people in our vicinity at the present day, their encampment was frequented by great numbers of persons, almost denying them time to take their ordinary meals, but affording them, as if to make amends for such inconvenience and privation, a ready sale for their fabrics. On the first of September, they decamped and commenced their homeward progress towards Canada. For many interesting particulars relating to the family of the Rev. Mr Williams, the reader is referred to a Biographical Memoir recently published in a neat and convenient form by Dr S. W. Williams of Deerfield.

Mr Fessenden selects for the subject of his discourse on this very peculiar occasion those appropriate words of the apostle in his memorable speech before the Areopagus,

'Who hath made *of one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath appointed the bounds of their habitation.'—Acts, xvii. 26.

And having illustrated the general topic of his discourse, and shown from a variety of considerations the common origin of the various races and generations of mankind, notwithstanding innumerable diversities, he thus adverts to the remarkable circumstance which gave occasion to the discourse.

In the consideration of this subject, my friends, my attention has been somewhat impressed and directed by a regard to the unusual visit which during the past week, has been made to our village. At this stage in the progress of our history, such an event must be one of rare occurrence, and little to be expected; and when we consider the pious and filial motive of ancestral veneration in which it purports to have originated, when we consider the sanguinary and harrowing transactions of olden time, which alone could make such a motive possible at the present day, when we consider this remarkable illustration of the truth declared in our text, by which the blood of two races so distinct and unlike, and once so hostile and irreconcilable, has been blended together, when moreover, we consider the peculiar associations and historical memorials of Indian warfare, by which this place is remarkably distinguished, this event certainly constitutes a very singular incident in the train of our ordinary experience, and amply justifies as I conceive, that strong expression of interest, curiosity and attention, which has been so generally manifested. That this visit should have been undertaken principally from the not illaudable motive of paying respect to the grave of an ancestor, long since departed, and that ancestor our own no less than theirs, that such was the motive, I say, if we consider a well known trait of Indian character, seems highly probable. Such a motive is a sacred one,—it possesses a measure of dignity which commands our respect, and excludes all suspicion of selfish and mercenary views,—of unworthy and mendicant expedients. The spirit too with which this occasion has been met, on either side, so far as my observation enables me to speak, has been such, as I should think would be mutually satisfactory. Our guests have been received in a spirit of unaffected and unostentatious hospitality, suited to their condition, their wants, and their tastes. On their part, there has not appeared to be any evidence of unreasonable expectation or extravagant demand. Their wants seem to be few and humble, like those of the children of the forest at all times; and the resources to meet them seem to have been provided for, within themselves and in their own way. It is to be hoped, that their stay which promises to be short will continue to be such, as will enable them to depart with friendly feelings and to carry with them grateful recollections; and such that we may hereafter remember it without any sense of regret, or any measure of self-reproach. All this were to be desired, even if we felt no confident assurance, that such a conduct was demanded by the genuine truth of the statement, alleged as the occasion for the visit. As it respects this question however, I do not think there is much reason to entertain any considerable doubt. There might be a mistake, and some occasion for better evidence would exist to meet the requisitions of the law, if there were an inheritance in dispute. But an intention to deceive, under the circumstances, I should be extremely loath to suspect. Nor can there be assigned any consideration of profit at stake, which could be a sufficient inducement for a journey so formidable, which promised so little, and where nothing of the kind appears to be pretended or expected. I have no hesitation in acknowledging my belief, that the professed motive for this undertaking was the real one, and would cheerfully meet it with a cordial salutation, with the hand of friendship, with the pipe of peace. I would meet the tawny children of nature, as the swarthy Æthiopian was greeted by an apostle of our Lord, who was prompt to fulfill his reasonable request, and to speed him on his way rejoicing. I would say, as ye have buried the hatchet whose traces still remain visible on the ancient portal, to remind us of by-gone days of blood and violence, of suffering and captivity, so sleep the sword by which those wrongs,—if wrongs they were,—have been fully avenged. I would do more,—I would recognize with pious humility and solemn reverence the workings of that mysterious providence, which has mingled your blood with ours, and which consideration, while it awakens a painful sentiment of the heart-rending scenes, the distressing trials, and protracted sufferings by which such a consummation was effected, nevertheless admonishes us that God, who is no respecter of persons, hath made of one blood, all nations of men, and hath determined the times, the places, and circumstances, in which they should live, in order to accomplish his designs of impartial benevolence and general good. We look at the mouldering moss-covered house of strength, which has survived the perilous times of which we are speaking, and as we behold the deep indented marks of savage and mortal weapons, the record of 'dreadful summoners,' at dead of night, storming the bolted doors of maternal tenderness and sleeping infancy, we shudder at the thought of those barbarous cruelties, which were preparing for the defenceless and unsuspecting inmates. But we are aware that it will be said on the other side, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' The messengers from Dedham, first employed to seek out this location, in their report speak as follows;—'Providence led us to that place. It is indeed far away from our plantations, and *the Canaanites and the Amalekites dwell in that valley*, and if they have any attachment to any spot on earth, must delight to live there. But this land must be ours. Our people have *resolute and pious hearts*, and *strong hands, to overcome all difficulties. Let us go and possess the land.*' Whether the spirit of enterprise that expresses itself in these terms is in accordance with that commandment, which forbids us 'to covet any thing which is our neighbor's,' and whether in accomplishing its purpose, it encountered severer trials than it ought to have expected, is a fit subject for our serious reflection. Meantime let us rejoice that we live under such favorable circumstances, to ponder the record of our fathers' trials, and to reap the benefit of their toils, and let us adore that wise and benevolent Providence which 'from seeming evil educes good;' let us trust, that those hard allotments, which have yet been abundantly prospered, were of a piece with all those probationary dispensations by which the appointments of God for the benefit of his creatures are realized and effected.

We are glad to hear from the accomplished author of this sermon, of whose writings fewer have come before the public, than those who know his gifts, would be glad to see in print. The present discourse is characterised throughout by great judgment and good sense, and by a truly benevolent spirit.

DR WORCESTER'S FUNERAL.

The venerable Dr Worcester was interred at Brighton on Friday last. His remains were carried to the meeting house, where selections from Scripture were read and prayers were offered by the Rev. Mr Austin of B.

But, how shall it be told? There were present on the occasion only *three* of the brethren in the ministry—but half the number necessary to bear the pall of a man, whose name shall be borne upon the hearts of a venerating posterity.

It was with extreme difficulty that any voices could be found in the small assembly, to sing a funeral hymn. And the train that followed his body to the tomb, in which for the present it is permitted to lie, consisted of not more than 30 or 40 persons.

These facts are astounding, and seem almost incredible.

A more holy and venerable man, than Dr Worcester, did not tabernacle on the earth during his lifetime; and few more extensively useful or more influential were left behind, when God took him. His name must be forever associated with that of Freeman, as one of the Fathers of American Unitarianism. And not only was he one of the most independent and consistent advocates and expounders of the distinctive doctrines of Liberal Christianity, but one of the most perfect and beautiful exemplifications of their practical power and excellence. In his life we reverenced almost the model of the man that we would be, and would form, for we have seen no nearer follower of Christ.

Most justly has he been called Apostle of Peace—of liberty too, it might be added, and of Temperance, and of Truth.

His death, serene, hopeful, faithful, and glorious, set the seal of God upon his life.

But it is very far from our purpose to write any thing like an obituary of such a man—that belongs to those who knew him better, and can more nearly do justice to such a character. We cannot think of him without affecting remembrances and venerating emotions, nor speak his name without giving simple utterance to the feelings of respect and love that are inseparably associated with it in our heart.

But it is indeed a matter of exceeding surprise that a man so eminent, and so extensively known, could have been publicly buried, so near to the city, and in the very centre of a multitude of his kinsmen in the faith of Christ—and so few have been assembled to perform the last solemn offices for his remains. The question instantly arises—'how can it have happened? It can only in part be explained.

Had the time that intervened between his death and burial been longer, and greater pains been taken to publish his funeral, it is probable that more of the friends would have convened. It happened too, as we know, that several who would have rejoiced to pay their respects to his memory, were particularly engaged on the afternoon assigned for his interment.

These facts account in part—but by no means entirely—for the sparse assembly. As to the other reasons, if we have any surmises—let silence bury them.

It is, however, worthy of remark, that, by a singular chain of circumstances, Dr Worcester's own cherished wish, with regard to his funeral, was answered. He did not love parade—neither did he stand in need of a crowded train or an eloquent eulogy to heighten his fame, or to honor his memory.

The chariot of fire, and the horses of fire, and a glorious train of angels, doubtless came down from heaven to carry the faithful servant to Abraham's bosom—while less than the number of the sons of the prophets who accompanied *Elijah* to the place of the '*taking away*,'—assembled on earth to attend this venerable prophet to the tomb—It is well—it is in keeping with his character—it will but add to his fame.

We understand that the Rev. Mr Austin of Brighton preached an excellent Sermon, on the Sunday after the funeral, from which, we hope soon to furnish our readers with an extract.

We would mention that Dr Worcester's body will probably be removed, in the spring, to Mount Auburn. And we earnestly hope that a chaste and durable monument will be erected to his memory by his Unitarian friends.

N. B. A sermon will be preached in aid of the Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society on Sunday evening Nov. 12 in Dr Channing's Church, by Dr H. Ware, Jr. A large contribution is earnestly desired and needed by this old and excellent Society.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Associations, auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, have been formed in Littleton and Cohasset. The Rev. Wm. H. White is agent of the former, and Rev. H. G. O. Phipps of the latter. Miss C. K. Nichols of Cohasset is a life member of the A. U. A.

SOLICITORS &c.

The Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association have authorized Messrs. Francis Alger, Albert Fearing, and William B. Townsend, to act as solicitors for the Association.

C. BRIGGS, *Gen. Sec'y.*

INTELLIGENCE.

THE SUSQUEHANNA—*The Bubble Burst.* The following is from the New York Courier and Enquirer of Thursday, 2d inst:—

Capt. Spinney, of the Steamboat New York, arrived this morning from Charleston, fully confirms his previous report, of having passed the ship Susquehanna on Sunday morning, 22d inst at eight o'clock, 12 leagues off Cape Henlopen. Capt. Spinney states that he was sufficiently near the ship to *read her name plainly*, and that a passenger on board the New-York recognized the captain of the Susquehanna on deck. Capt. Spinney had heard nothing of the supposed capture until he arrived here, and thinks the report of the Philadelphia pilots without foundation, as regards the Susquehanna. The ship was becalmed at the time the steamboat passed her, and had all sail set. Capt. Spinney is not positive as to whether any other vessels were in sight at the same time, but thinks not.

A slip from the Charleston Mercury, in reporting the arrival of schooner Planet, says that on Sunday, the 22d Oct., the captain saw, at 12 o'clock, noon, in lat. 38 30, lon. 74, the packet ship Susquehanna, from Philadelphia for Liverpool, steering east by south.

Steam Packet Home.—A committee appointed by a meeting of citizens of Charleston to investigate the causes of the loss of the steam packet Home, have submitted a report to the Common Council of that city, embodying the testimony of five witnesses examined, viz., Captain Salter, Capt. Hill, Mr Lovegreen, Mr Hussey, and Mr Drayton, all of whom were passengers on board the Home. The committee append remarks and conclusions of their own, to the effect that the boat was unfaithfully built, that she was never sea worthy, and that when she left New York, she was entirely unfit for the safe conveyance of passengers. They also express a very unfavorable opinion as to the conduct of the Captain (White,) on this occasion, representing him to have been intoxicated, &c. &c. They extend their censure to the builders of the boat, and also to her owners.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Treaty with the Winnebagoes.—A treaty with the Winnebagoes was signed yesterday at the War Office, by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on the part of the United States. Their title to land east of the Mississippi is extinguished, and they are to remove to that part of the neutral ground, west of that river, which was conveyed to them in 1832. They also relinquish their right to occupy, except for hunting a strip of land 20 miles in width, adjoining and west of the Mississippi. They are to receive—in goods, provisions, agricultural assistance, education, the payment of their debts, and the claims of their relatives of mixed blood, and in permanent income, secured by investments in safe stocks—$1,500,000. In consequence of the indisposition of the Commissioner, but few public councils have been held with the Winnebagoes.—*Washington Globe.*

Meteor.—A brilliant meteor was observed at New Haven on the 2d inst. at 25 minutes past 5 o'clock, P. M. It was first observed in a direction about S. 35° E. at an altitude of about 27°, and it exploded in about a second and a quarter afterwards, being then S. 84° E. at an altitude of about 19°. Two fragments were observed after the explosion, falling in nearly perpendicular lines, but slightly diverging.

The Island of Juan Fernandez.—We published, a few days since, an interesting article from a French journal, embracing a history of the Island of Juan Fernandez from the date of its first discovery. In this article the reported disappearance of this Island was alluded to as a matter of fact. Such a report has been current for some months, having first appeared in the European papers, without the mention of any authority, and consequently without being entitled to any credit. There are still stronger reasons for being satisfied that there is no truth in the story of the sinking of this Island. More than one vessel has arrived in this country, having touched at the Island long subsequent to the date when it must have disappeared, according to the story referred to. Among them was the sloop of war Peacock, which lately arrived at Norfolk, from the Pacific Ocean.—*Dai. Ada.*

Interesting from Metamoras.—A friend and fellow-townsman whose son had the misfortune to be among the Texans taken prisoners at the same time that Mr Wharton was captured, and who have since been imprisoned at Metamoras, returned yesterday from Washington, wither he had gone to solicit the kind offices of the Mexican Minister in behalf of his son. He waited on the Minister, who received him with great kindness and observed to him that he was gratified that he had not called on him earlier, as he then should not have been able to give him any consolation; but that he now had the pleasure to inform him that his son was released. The following is an extract, furnished him by the Mexican Minister, from a letter which the Minister had just received.

'The Supreme Government or President of Mexico has ordered the release of all the Texan prisoners that were in Metamoras.'—*Balt. Republican.*

TAMPICO, Oct. 8.—The private information we have received from Mexico, represents the country to be in a most deplorable condition. Marauders swarm on every highway, while the imbecile government, despite its good intentions, cannot check robbery.—The conducta from Zacatecas, was attacked by 150 of these miscreants, and the leader of the treasure, after having 12 men killed, fell grievously wounded. On the other hand, the assasins lost 15 of their party, but possessed themselves of 30,000 dollars. It is said likewise, that a similar encounter took place on the route between Mexico and Vera Cruz. Commerce is at its lowest ebb; the feeble government offers no security whatever to mercantile affairs.

The recent ordinances concerning Custom House officers have only crippled its operations still farther. You have doubtless learned the revolt of the entire provinces of New Mexico, which has separated itself from the Mexican republic, has declared itself independent, and solicits annexation to the American Union. All that I can say, adds our correspondent, is, that Mexico is rapidly falling into dissolution.

N. O. Bee.

Canada.—So far as we can learn from some of the Montreal papers, political affairs, in the lower province, are assuming an unpleasant aspect. The Herald of Thursday says that the house of R. B. McGinnis, Esq. in the parish of L'Acadie, has been torn down by the 'Rebels,' because he would not resign his commission as captain of militia. The Toronto Correspondent, in a postcript of Monday last, says that an express arrived in that city the day before, with an order from Sir John Colborne, to have every soldier at the garrison sent without a moment's delay to Montreal. The Catholic Bishop of Montreal has issued a circular, addressed 'to the clergy and all the faithful of the diocese,' earnestly exhorting them to the duties of obedience and submission to the constituted authorities, as enjoined by the scriptures and by every consideration of humanity and of Christian obligation, and enforced by the express language of the Supreme Pontiff, the acknowledged head of the Catholic church throughout the world. The circular was appointed to be read from all the pulpits, on Sunday, the 29th of October. [Commercial Advertiser.]

From Canada.—We learn from Burlington, (Vt.) that over a hundred families had left Montreal for the United States, many of whom had come to Burlington. The removal is caused by the serious apprehensions of disturbances in Canada.—*N. Y. Express.*

Later from France.—By the packet ship Louis Phillippe, Paris papers to Oct. 9th have been received. A deep interest was felt in the fate of the expedition on foot in Africa, under the command of the Duke of Nemours, and Gen. Damremont. News had been received from the army to the 1st, when it was already on the march, with the expectation of uniting its forces, under the walls of Constantine by the 6th. A number of foreign officers, English, Prussian, Danish, Saxon, &c. had embarked as volunteers in the expedition.

The death of the Duchess of St. Leu, wife of Louis Bonaparte, and mother of Louis who was lately sent to this country, was announced at Paris by Telegraph, Oct. 9. Mr Bestoujo, one of the most distinguished Russian writers, and author of several romances, died lately in Southern Siberia, whither he had been sent, under the charge of being concerned in a conspiracy in 1826. He was about to receive his pardon.

Spain.—The news from Spain appears to be more favorable to the cause of the Queen, or rather more unfavorable for that of Don Carlos, whose forces were on the retreat. The Queen's new Ministers were endeavoring to act with energy, but they were feebly supported by the Cortes. Some accounts say that Don Carlos is in ill health, dispirited, and apparently on the borders of the grave.

Portugal.—The insurrection in Portugal has been brought to an end, by the defeat of Saldanha and the charterists, near the Douro. Saldanha and Terceira surrendered, after the battle, and were to leave Portugal; their followers likewise surrendered, on a promise of amnesty, with the exception of some officers, who were to be tried by a court martial

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. J. T. Sargent, Mr Shephard F. A. Eaton, to Miss Adelaide Gilson.

By Rev. Mr Ripley, Mr John G. Hardy to Miss Elizabeth Loring.

By Rev. Mr Sargent, Mr William C. Brown, editor of Zion's Herald, to Mrs Frances H. Adams

By Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Charles Carroll to Miss Adeline Maria Page.

By Rev. Dr Parkman, Mr William Hart to Miss Agnes, youngest daughter of Owen Jones—all of this city.

By Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr John N. Randall to Miss Mary L. Spear,

By Rev. Chandler Robbins, Thomas Clark, Esq. of New Orleans, to Miss Marianne, daughter of Peter Mackintosh, Esq. of this city.

In Charlestown, Mr Oliver J. Whiting to Miss Elizabeth T. Lyndes.

In Weston, George W. Ewer, Esq. of Nantucket, to Miss Martha, daughter of S. G. Derby, Esq.

In Framingham, by Rev. Wm. Barry, Mr Micah Leland, Jr. of Sherburne, to Miss Tryphena B. Bennett, of the former place.

In Northboro', in Rev Mr Allen's church, Dr. Henry Barnes, to Miss Elizabeth Ball, daughter of Dr. Stephen Ball.

In Philadelphia, 30th ult. Mr Samuel Cobb, of Dedham, Ms. to Miss Tryphena S. daughter of Isaac Otis, Esq. of Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, 2d inst. Jonas Green, M. D. formerly of Cambridgeport, to Miss Mary Bartram North.

In Alexandria, D. C. 1st inst. Charles Francis Frederick De Montholon, Attache to the French Legation, to Mary Victoria, daughter of Gen. Charles Gratiot, of the U. S. Army.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Elvira, wife of Mr John Bryant, 33.

On Monday, Mrs Elizabeth Hall, wife of Mr David H. Ela, 27.

On the 20th ult. James, son of James T. Hobart, 3 1-2 years;—Mrs Sarah J. wife of Mr J. H. Grush

At South Boston, on Saturday last, Mr Samuel Robertson, a native of Kelso, Scotland, 43.

In Waltham, 5th inst. Mr Elias Bean, 28.

In Weymouth, 4th inst, Mrs Mary P. wife of Mr Elias Nash, 19.

In Lexington, Mrs Betty, widow of the late Dea James Brown, 80.

In Northboro', Mary Susan Andrews, daughter of Mr John Andrews aged 13 years.

With the exception of two or three quite young children, she was the first that has been taken from the Sunday School of the First Parish in N. since its organization 15 years since. She was an uncommonly interesting and lovely child, beautiful in life and as beautiful in death, yielding up her pure spirit at her heavenly Father's call with the most perfect calmness and submission in the hope of meeting that Savior whom she had early been taught to love.

In Providence, 3d inst widow Lucinda Sprague, 85.

In Providence, R. I. Mr Artemas Brigham, son of Mr Henry Brigham of Northboro', 31. He was an estimable young man and has left a large circle of friends to mourn his early death.

In New York, 1st inst. Mr John S. Crary, 53 an eminent merchant of that city.

In New Orleans, Wm. L. son of Wm. Crehore of this city, 26.

At Fort Gaines, Geo. Oct. 25th, Mr Eliab Stone Brewer, formerly of this city, 28.

At Sain Ecor, residence of Gen Thomas, Sept, 15th Micah Peabody Flint, Esq. 34.

In Brighton, England, Oct 4th Mrs Hannah, wife of Jacob Perkins, Esq. formerly of Newburyport, 66.

ANNUALS, for 1838.—The Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath, with 11 engravings;
The Literary Souvenir, with sixteen engravings;
The Parlor Scrap Book, 12 engravings;
The Christian Keepsake, 11 engravings;
The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, 12 engravings;
For sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School st. n 11

NEW NOVELS, Hawk Chief—Lionel Wakefield,—The Arethusa—Ernest Maltravers—Pic Nics—Crichton—Attilla—Atticus—and all new and popular works, for sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 11

MISS PARDOE'S CITY OF THE SULTAN. IS continued in Waldie's Circulating Library, and in Waldie's Octavo Library. Published at $5 per year, for $10 worth of good books, at the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 11

LAMB'S LIFE AND LETTERS, are continued in Waldie's Omnibus, of this week, and various other articles. At the Literary Rooms,—$3 per annum, weekly. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 11

ANSWER TO DURANT. WITH a Letter to Col. Stone, in press, and will be published in a few days, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. 11 n

HANDEL'S WORKS. THE Vocal works composed by G. F. Handel, arranged for the Organ or Piano Forte. By Dr John Clarke, of Cambridge in 6 Quarto Volumes. For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 11

INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION.—The subscriber respectfully announces that he has resumed instruction in Elocution. His arrangements for classes are as follows.

A class of Young Gentlemen, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to commence on Wednesday, the 15th inst.

Classes of Young Ladies, on the other afternoons of the week.

Calls will be attended to daily, from 1 to 2 o'clock, at the office of Mr G. F. Thayer, Chauncey Hall.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Boston, November, 1837.

** Parents to whom the advertiser is not personally known, are referred to the following individuals: Rev. Dr William E. Channing, Rev. Dr Henry Ware, Jr. Rev. John Pierpont, Abbott Lawrence, Benjamin Guild, B. A. Gould, S. P. Miles, G. B. Emerson, Ebenezer Bailey, G. F. Thayer, Esq'rs. 3 t

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. THE subscriber intends to deliver a course of Lectures on the prominent characteristics of English Literature, illustrated by Readings and Recitations.

The lectures will be delivered weekly, on Saturday evenings, at Chauncey Hall, Chauncey Place—commencing on the 18th inst. at 7 o'clock.

Tickets at $2 for the course, (consisting of six lectures,) may be obtained at the Bookstore of Wm. D. Ticknor, corner of Washington and School streets, and of Benj. H. Greene, 134 Washington street

Admission to single lectures 50 cents.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Boston, Nov. 8. 1837. 3 t n 11

HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ROME. OUTLINES of a History of the Court of Rome and of the Temporal Power of the Popes translated from the French 1 vol. 12mo. Just published, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO 134 Washington st. n 11

LILY OF THE VALLEY. WITH a commentatory Preface, by Rev. W. Patton. An excellent work for the young. For sale at the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 11

PIERCE'S ALGEBRA. AN Elementary Treatise on Algebra to which are added Exponential questions and Logarithms, by Benjamin Pierce A. M. Just published, and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 11

FRESH ASSORTMENT OF FANCY ARTICLES AND STATIONARY. Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School st.

Beautiful Rose wood work boxes—Pearl and Ivory note seals—Alotto seals—Elegant Blotters—Port Folios—Backgammon boards—Chessmen—Ivory and Pearl Paper Folders—Bronze and gilt Ink stands—Daftsmen—Perforated Note Envelopes a convenient and elegant article for invitations and billets—Paint Boxes English and American—Cards—Pink sarcers—Metallic Books—Albums—Bristol Board—Drawing Paper—all kind of Steel Pens—Transparent Wafers—writing Fluid—Dice boxes—Dissected maps, Pictures and Games—Card Racks—&c. &c. Also received as above a fine lot of Letter, Cap, and Billet papers of a superior quality. n 11

LADY'S BOOK. FOR November—two plates of Fridolin's Embroidery Patterns; two pages Music; and contains the Sure Marriage, by Mrs Hale; One Witness; Woman; Eleanor; The Coronet; Josephine; Power of Affection, &c, $3 per year, monthly.

A periodical whose tendency is to elevate the character develope the intellects of those dearest to us—our wives, our daughters and our sisters.'—[Eve. Gaz.]

Published at the Literary Rooms. WEEKS JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. n 11

BURR'S LIFE, Vol. 2, with a Portrait of Mrs Theodore Burr Alston, this day received at the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. n 11

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS published by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

Butler's Sermons, 12mo.
Bowring's Matins and Vespers, 18mo.
Brazer on Divine Influence, 18mo.
Childhood of Jesus, by J. Farr, 18mo.
Farr's Child's Duties and Devotions 18mo
Farr's Family Prayers 18mo
Hildreth's Lives of the Apostles 18mo
Locke's Paraphrase and Notes on the Epistles 8vo.
Norton's Reasons 12mo
Paley's Complete works 6 vols 8vo
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Palfrey's Sermons 8vo
Palfrey's Sermons 12mo
Parker's Sermons 8vo
Parker's Memoirs 8vo
Robinson's Seventeen Discourses 12mo
Selections from the Scriptures for Adults, 12mo
Scenes and Characters Illustrating Christian Truth, 6 vols 16mo.
Trial and Self Discipline by Miss Savage 4th ed. 16mo.
The Skeptic, by Mrs Follen 4th ed, 16mo.
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Gleams of Truth, by Dr Tuckerman 4th edition 16mo
The Backslider, 3d edition
Alfred, or the Better Part, by Mrs Hall, 16mo
Ware's Sunday Library 4 vols 16mo.
Life of the Savior, by Rev. H. Ware Jr. 5th ed
Life of Howard, by Mrs Farrar, 16mo
The Holy Land and its Inhabitants, by S. G. Bulfinch
Sketch of the Reformation, by Rev. T. B. Fox.
Tucker's Light of Nature 4 vols 8vo.
Unitarian, edited by Rev. B. Whitman, 8vo
Ware's Letters to Wood's 8vo.
Ware's Selections from Priestley, 12mo.
Whitman's Letters to Universalists, 12mo.
Worcester's Friendly Review, 12mo.
Worcester's Last Thoughts, 12mo.
Brook's Prayers 12mo
Hamlets, by Miss Martineau, 2d edition
Rev. Mr Loraine's Faith Examined and Changed,
Childhood of Jesus, by Rev. Mr Newell, 3d ed
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Conversations on the gospels by A. B. Alcott, 2v 12mo
Noyes' Prophets 3 vols 12mo
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Meditations for the Sick, by J. Cole, 16mo
Young Mans Friend by A. B. Muzzey 16mo

Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington st n 11

PRICE REDUCED! 20 cents for Marryatt's Novels. For sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School street. n 11

FOR SALE, IN BRIGHTON, A BOARDING-SCHOOL ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscriber, having, for several months past, been afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, which has nearly deprived him of the use of his voice, and finding no immediate prospect of relief, but in a change of business, has been induced by the advice of friends and eminent physicians, to relinquish his profession as a Teacher, and now offers his situation for sale; which consists of a large dwelling-house, fitted up for the accommodation of boarders, an academy of ample size, and fifteen acres of valuable land, well stocked with choice fruit.

The School has enjoyed a very liberal share of public patronage during the last eight years, which, so far as the Subscriber's influence extends, will be transferred to his successor. It is situated about one third of a mile south of the village, and perfectly retired, being separated from it by a beautiful grove. If preferred, the buildings will be sold with but part of the land. Possession given as soon as desired after Nov. next. Terms liberal.

Brighton Sept 29 tf JONAS WILDER.

LARGE AND VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AT AUCTION.

ON Saturday Nov. 11 at 9 o'clock, at store No. 3 Tudor

POETRY.

The following sweet lines were written after a recent walk in the burial ground, in the north part of this city,—and presented to Mr and Mrs J. B. S, the bereaved parents, as an expression of the author's sympathy in their repeated afflictions.—*Ed. Con. Obs.*

[For the Connecticut Observer.]

THE THREE LITTLE GRAVES.

I sought at twilight's pensive hour
The path which mourners tread,
Where many a marble stone reveals
The City of the dead;—
The City of the dead—where all
From [illegible] repose,
While round their beds, like simple flower,
In sweet profusion blows.

And there I marked a pleasant spot,
Enclosed with tender care,
Where side by side, three infants lay,
The only tenants there,—
Nor weed, nor bramble raised its head,
To mar the hallowed scene,
And 'twas a mother's tears, methought,
Which kept that turf so green.

The eldest was a gentle girl,
She sank as rose buds fall,
And then two little brothers came,
They were their parent's all,—
Their parent's all!—and ah! how oft
The mean of sickness rose,
Before, within these narrow mounds
They found a long repose.

Their cradle-sports, beside the hearth,
At winter's eve, are o'er
Their tuneful tones, so full of mirth,
Delight the ear no more,—
Yet still the thrilling echo lives,
And many a lisping word
Is treasured in affection's heart,
By grieving memory stirred.

Three little graves!—Three little graves!
Come hither, ye who see
Your blooming babes around you smile,
A blissful company,—
And of those childless parents think,
With sympathising pain,
And soothe them with a Savior's words,
'Your dead shall rise again.'

L. H. S.

LINES.

Written on receiving a Branch of the Evergreen Myrtle.

O not to me the Myrtle bring,
The changeless unto death,
For human love is a fragile thing,
And its vows are empty breath.
And the slightest flower that paints the lea,
Or leaf that decks the grove,
Might better far the emblem be
Of briefer, frailer love.

For the snowy Cistus marks it well—
Brief blossom of an hour—
And the hollow Fox-glove's pois'nous bell,
And the Larkspur's fickle flower;
And that pale leaf of slender form,
The growth of southern shades,
That withers in the lightest storm,
And in the sun-beam fades—

Ah! *these* are the emblems, sad and true,
Of the dreams that the young heart weaves,
The gorgeous clouds of the sun-set's hue,
The flowers, and the forest leaves;
The false mirage of the desert sea,
Mocking the traveller's eyes.
Such should the signs of all love be
That is center'd below the skies.

Then teach thou the flame to soar above,
That in thy bosom springs,
And give thou not an undying love
To frail and dying things;
Give it to that which knows not death,
Nor dreads the passing shower—
And be the emblem of thy faith,
The holy *Passion Flower*.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

NATURE.

Translated from the German.

Illum'd by reddening skies, stands glittering
On tender blade the dew;
And undulates the landscape of the spring
Upon the clear stream's blue.

Fair is the rocky rill, the blossom'd tree,
That grove with gold that gleams;
Fair is the star of eve, which close we see
To yonder purple gleams.

Fair is the meadow's green, that dale's thick bush,
The hill's bright robe of flowers,
The alder-stream, the pond's surrounding rush,
And lilies' snowy showers.

Oh! how the host of beings are made one
By Love's enduring bond!
The glow-worm and the fiery flood of sun,
Spring from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty, if the tree
Lose but a bud that's blown;
Thou beckonest, if in immensity
One sun is sunk and gone!

From the Christian Mirror.

THE VALLEY OF BACA.

Blessed are they—who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.—*Psalms* lxxxiv. 6, 7.

The Valley of Baca was a barren place, a dreary valley through which from some parts of the land the people must pass in going up to Jerusalem, but in some way or other, those, who from regard to the ordinances of God encountered the difficulty, were carried well through it. 'They pass it as cheerfully, as if it abounded in pleasant springs: and depending on God, as the Fountain of what they want, receive from him the blessing of plentiful and seasonable showers to refresh them on their journey. So that the whole company go from stage to stage with unwearied vigor.'—*Scott's Commentary.*

Brother, the valley is dry and drear,
The leaflets are wither'd, the blossoms sere,
Yellow the grass-leaf and dry the sod,
Yet this is the way to the house of God.—
Shall we go?—Thro' the terror and trouble there
Shall we make our way to the house of prayer?

Our hearts may faint and our eyes may fail,
Nor a dew-drop temper the burning gale,
Nor a lonely palm-tree its shadow throw,
Nor the sweet, rich date in its branches show,
Nor a spring gush up thro' the hot, bright sand—
Shall we go?—Shall we venture that desert land?

Gird on thy sandals, brother,—
Through that weary way and long,
We will comfort each the other
With the sweetest Zion song,
And the gush of Siloa's fountain,
As we thread the valley drear,
From our Zion's holy mountain,
Shall seem gurgling in our ear.

He, who sitteth King in Zion
Our weariness shall know,
He stays the hungry lion,
He bids the waters flow,
His word can make the breezes sweet
And pure as Sharon knows,
And Baca, round our pilgrim-feet,
To blossom like the rose.

Gird on your sandals, brothers,
We will Baca's Valley dare,
Come sisters too, and mothers,
We will seek the place of prayer,—
In the festal booths reclining,
Of oak and osier twin'd,
Shall we cast a thought repining
On dangers left behind?—

And the gentle dew fell soft and clear
On that valley's night—like pity's tear—
And the blessed showers, from the bending sky,
Cheer'd the fainting heart and the weary eye,—
Till the pilgrims join'd with the happy throng
In the festal joy and the Zion-song.

Oh, many a weary vale has earth—
Many a Baca of desert-dearth,
There springs no rill, there breathes no flower;—
Then sweet—how sweet! is the crystal shower
And the soft, pure dews of the blessed sky:
Heaven hath its fountains, though Earth be dry.

ELIZA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From 'Twice Told Tales'—by Nathan Hawthorne, Esq.]

FANCY'S SHOW BOX.

What is guilt? A stain upon the soul. And it is a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? Or, while none but crimes perpetrated are cognizable before an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts—of which guilty deeds are no more than shadows—will these draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence, in the supreme court of eternity? In the solitude of a midnight chamber, or in a desert far from men, or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal. If this be true, it is a fearful truth.

Let us illustrate the subject by an imaginary example. A venerable gentleman, one Mr Smith, who had long been regarded as a pattern of moral excellence, was warming his aged blood with a glass or two of generous wine. His children being gone forth about their worldly business, and his grand-children at school, he sat alone, in a deep, luxurious arm-chair, with his feet beneath a richly carved mahogany table. Some old people have a dread of solitude, and when better company may not be had, rejoice even to hear the quiet breathing of a babe, asleep upon the carpet. But Mr Smith, whose silver hair was the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature—he had no need of a babe to protect him by its purity, nor of a grown person to stand between him and his own soul. Nevertheless, either Manhood must converse with Age, or Womanhood must soothe him with gentle cares, or Infancy must sport around his chair, or his thoughts will stray into the mighty regions of the past, and the old man be chill and sad. Wine will not always cheer him. Such might have been the case with Mr Smith, when, through the brilliant medium of his glass of old Madeira, he beheld three figures entering the room. These were Fancy, who had assumed the garb and aspect of an itinerant showman, with a box of pictures on her back; and Memory, in the likeness of a clerk, with a pen behind her ear, an ink-horn at her button-hole, and a huge manuscript volume beneath her arm; and lastly, behind the other two, a person shrouded in a dusky mantle, which concealed both face and form. But Mr Smith had a shrewd idea that it was Conscience.

How kind, of Fancy, Memory, and Conscience, to visit the old gentleman, just as he was beginning to imagine that the wine had neither so bright a sparkle, nor so excellent a flavor, as when himself and the liquor were less aged! Through the dim length of the apartment, where crimson curtains muffled the glare of sunshine, and created a rich obscurity, the three guests drew near the silver-headed old man. Memory, with a finger between the leaves of her huge volume, placed herself at his right hand. Conscience, with her face still hidden in the dusky mantle, took her station on the left, so as to be next his heart; while Fancy set down her picture-box upon the table, with the magnifying glass convenient to his eye. We can sketch merely the outlines of two or three, out of the many pictures, which at the pulling of a string, successively peopled the box with the semblances of living scenes.

One was a moonlight picture; in the back ground, a lowly dwelling; and in front, partly shadowed by a tree, yet besprinkled with flakes of radiance, two youthful figures, male and female. The young man stood with folded arms, a haughty smile upon his lip, and a gleam of triumph in his eye, as he glanced downward at the kneeling girl. She was almost prostrate at his feet, evidently sinking under a weight of shame and anguish, which hardly allowed her to lift her clasped hands in supplication. Her eyes she could not lift. But neither her agony, nor the lovely features on which it was depicted, nor the slender grace of the form which it convulsed, appeared to soften the obduracy of the young man. He was the personification of triumphant scorn. Now, strange to say, as old Mr Smith peeped through the magnifying glass, which made the objects start out from the canvass with magical deception, he began to recognize the farm-house, the tree, and both the figures of the pictures. The young man in times long past, had often met his gaze within the looking-glass; the girl was the very image of his first love—his cottage love—his Martha Burroughs! Mr S. was scandalized. 'O, vile and slanderous picture!' he exclaims.

'When have I triumphed over injured innocence? Was not Martha wedded, in her teens, to David Tomkins, who won her girlish love, and long enjoyed her affection as a wife? And ever since his death she has lived a reputable widow!' Meantime, Memory was turning over the leaves of her volume, rustling them to and fro with uncertain fingers, until, among the earlier pages, she found one which had reference to this picture. She reads it close to the old gentleman's ear; it is a record merely of sinful thought, which never was embodied in an act; but, while Memory is reading, Conscience unveils her face, and strikes a dagger to the heart of Mr Smith. Though not a death-blow, the torture was extreme.

The exhibition proceeded. One after another, Fancy displayed her pictures, all of which appeared to have been painted by some malicious artist, on purpose to vex Mr Smith. Not a shadow of proof could have been adduced, in an earthly court, that he was guilty of the slightest of those sins which were thus made to stare him in the face. In one scene, there was a table set out, with several bottles, and half filled with wine, which threw back the dull ray of an expiring lamp. There had been mirth and revelry, until the hand of the clock stood just at midnight, when Murder stept between the boon companions. A young man had fallen on the floor, and lay stone dead, with a ghastly wound crushed into his temple; while over him, with a delirium of mingled rage and horror in his countenance, stood the youthful likeness of Mr Smith. The murdered youth wore the features of Edward Spencer!—'What does this rascal of a painter mean?' cries Mr Smith, provoked beyond all patience. 'Edward Spencer was my earliest and dearest friend, true to me as I to him, through more than half a century. Neither I, nor any other, ever murdered him. Was he not alive within five years, and did he not, in token of our long friendship, bequeath me his gold-headed cane, and a mourning ring?' Again had Memory been turning over her volume, and fixed at length upon so confused a page, that she surely must have scribbled it when she was tipsey. The purport was, however, that, while Mr Smith and Edward Spencer were heating their young blood with wine, a quarrel had flashed up between them, and Mr Smith, in deadly wrath, had flung a bottle at Spencer's head. True, it missed its aim, and merely smashed a looking-glass; and the next morning, when the incident was imperfectly remembered, they had shaken hands with a hearty laugh. Yet, again, while Memory was reading, Conscience unveiled her face, struck a dagger to the heart of Mr Smith, and quelled his remonstrance with her iron frown. The pain was quite excruciating.

Some of the pictures had been painted with so doubtful a touch, and in colors so faint and pale, that the subjects could barely be conjectured. A dull, semi-transparent mist had been thrown over the surface of the canvass, into which the figures seemed to vanish, while the eye sought most earnestly to fix them. But, in every scene, however dubiously portrayed, Mr Smith was invariably haunted by his own lineaments, at various ages, as in a dusty mirror. After poring several minutes over these blurred and almost indistinguishable pictures, he began to see, that the painter had intended to represent him, now in the decline of life, as stripping the clothes from the backs of three half-starved children. 'Really, this puzzles me!' quoth Mr Smith, with the irony of conscious rectitude. 'Asking pardon of the painter, I pronounce him a fool, as well as a scandalous knave. A man of my standing in the world, to be robbing little children of their clothes! Ridiculous!' But while he spoke, Memory had scratched over her fatal volume, and found a page, which, with her sad, calm voice, she poured into his ear. It was not altogether inapplicable to the misty scene. It told how Mr Smith had been grievously tempted, by many devilish sophistries, on the ground of a legal quibble, to commence a lawsuit against three orphan children, joint heirs to a considerable estate. Fortunately, before he was quite decided, his claims had turned out nearly as devoid of law as of justice. As Memory ceased to read, Conscience again thrust aside her mantle, and would have struck her victim with the envenomed dagger, only that he struggled, and clasped his hands before his heart. Even then, however, he sustained an ugly gash.

Why should we follow Fancy through the whole series of those awful pictures? Painted by an artist of wondrous power, and terrible acquaintance with the secret soul, they embodied the ghosts of all the never perpetrated sins, that had glided through the life-time of Mr Smith. And could such beings of cloudy fantasy, so near akin to nothingness, give valid evidence against him, at the day of judgment? Be that the case or not, there is reason to believe, that one true penitential tear would have washed away each hateful picture, and left the canvass white as snow. But Mr Smith, at a prick of Conscience too keen to be endured, bellowed aloud, with impatient agony, and suddenly discovered that his guests were gone. There he sat alone, a silver-haired and highly venerated old man, in the rich gloom of the crimson-curtained room, with no box of pictures on the table, but only a decanter of most excellent Madeira. Yet his heart still seemed to fester with the venom of the dagger.

Nevertheless, the unfortunate old gentleman might have argued the matter with Conscience, and alleged many reasons wherefore she should not smite him so pitilessly. Were we to take up his cause, it should be somewhat in the following fashion. A scheme of guilt, till it be put in execution, greatly resembles a train of incidents in a projected tale. The latter, in order to produce a sense of reality in the reader's mind, must be conceived with such proportionate strength by the author, as to seem, in the glow of fancy, more like truth, past, present and to come, than purely fiction. The prospective sinner, on the other hand, weaves his plot of crime, but seldom or never feels a perfect certainty that it will be executed There is a dreaminess diffused about his thoughts; in a dream, as it were, he strikes the death-blow into his victim's heart, and starts to find an indelible blood stain on his hand. Thus a novel-writer, or a dramatist, in creating a villain of romance, and fitting with evil deeds, and the villain of actual life, in projecting crimes that will be perpetrated, may almost meet each other, half-way between reality and fancy. It is not until the crime is accomplished, that guilt clenches its gripe upon the guilty heart, and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand fold more virulent by its self consciousness. Be it considered, also, that men often over-estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are diminly seen, they can bear to contemplate it. They may take the steps which lead to crime, impelled by the same sort of mental action as in working out a mathematical problem, yet be powerless with compunction, at the final moment. They knew not what deed it was, that they deemed themselves resolved to do. In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature, as a settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution. Let us hope, therefore, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

Yet, with the slight fancy-work which we have framed, some sad and awful truths are interwoven. Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity. He must feel that, when he shall knock at the gate of Heaven, no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to entrance there. Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footsteps of the throne, or that golden gate will never open!

SELF DEVOTION.—In the year 1710, the Danish fleet, under the command of Admiral Gyldenlseve, was sent to the Baltic in pursuit of a Swedish fleet; but in consequence of the sudden sickness of his crew, he found it necessary to sail for Kioge Bay, and secure a defensive position. The Swedish Admiral having received intelligence of the calamity, hastened to take advantage of it. He appeared off the Bay, and engaged, but did not conquer the fleet. During the engagement, one of the Danish line of battle ships, Danbrog, took fire, nor could all their efforts to extinguish the flames, avail. Captain Hvitfeldt saw one ray of hope, which, at the moment promised safety to himself and his crew; it was to cut his cables and drive ashore; there was, however, danger to be apprehended if the wind should change, that the vessel might drive among the Danish fleet, and thus endanger both the shipping and the town. Of the two evils, Hvitfeldt chose the least. He gave positive orders that the cables should not be cut, and then sent his officers among the crew, to ask them if it would not be more glorious to pursue the destruction of their enemy while the Danbrog existed, than by an attempt merely to save themselves, endanger the lives of thousands of their countrymen? The sailors answered the proposal of their gallant captain, by the most cordial cheers. Hvitfeldt then sent six men or board the admiral, to inform him of their determination, and bid their country farewell. In a few minutes the flames reached the magazine, explosion followed, and the whole crew perished in one of the most patriotic acts of self-devotion ever recorded.

GLORIOUS REPLY.—The United Service Journal relates this anecdote of Sir Sidney Smith. The reply to his protesting officers, is memorable alike for its justness and spirit:—In a furious attack that Bonaparte made on Acre, in April, 1799, Sir Sidney Smith found it necessary to risk his ship, (the Tigre, 74,) by warping her into the shoal water on the south side of the town, in order to flank the French batteries and trenches, and such was the fire and effect of this movement, that all was reduced to silence in a very few minutes. On this occasion, as Sir Sidney was going over the ship's side, to land and hasten to the beach, the First Lieutenant and Master, chose that unseasonable moment, to serve him with a written protest against 'placing his Majesty's ship in danger of being lost;'—to which he calmly replied—'Gentlemen, his Majesty's ships are built on purpose to be placed in danger whenever his Majesty's service requires it, and of that the commanding officer is the best able to judge.'

EARLY DISADVANTAGES.—'I learned grammar,' says William Cobbett, 'when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book case, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food though in a state of half starvation I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of, at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men; and that too in the hours of their freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?'

A ROYAL SCULPTRESS.—There is one of Louis Philippe's family who promises to acquire more glory by her practical talent for the chisel, than by the rank of her royal coronet. We find the following touching the occupation of one of his daughters:

'The Princess Marie, it is said, is now working on a statue of Jeanne Hachette, which promises to be one of great beauty, and will add to the artistical fame of the author of the Jeanne d'Arc at Versailles, and the windows of the chapel at Fountainbleau.'

ANECDOTE OF BARON YELVERTON.

'I recollect,' says Espinasse—who does not appear to have borne in his mind the pleasant reminiscences of a frequent and contented guest—'I recollect the ludicrous but unexpected reception which a member of the circuit court met with, on telling Kenyon the following anecdote of Chief Baron Yelverton, of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The baron once went a lent circuit, and one of the assize towns happened to be where one of his college contemporaries was beneficed. The reverent gentleman, anxious to make a display of his zeal and talents, and at the same time to show his respect to the chief baron, asked permission from the sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judges, and his request was granted. It was in the month of March, and the weather was intensely cold. The sermon was immensely long, and the chief baron annoyingly chilled. When the service was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, and came to the judge full of joyous expectation. 'Well, my lord, how do you like the sermon?' 'Wonderfully, my dear friend,' replied Yelverton, 'it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding, and like his mercy, I thought it would have endured for ever?' The jocular narrator was chilled by hearing Lord Kenyon, in an under tone, pronounce the words 'Very immoral!'—*Life of Lord Kenyon. Law Magazine.*

REVENGE BEYOND THE GRAVE.—The Duchess of St. Albans, in leaving £10,000 a year to her husband, clogged it with a condition, that if certain members of her husband's family should reside with him for more than five days in a year, the bequest should be void. Her Grace's vindictive spirit, however, has defeated itself, as any thing contrary to mortality cannot be sustained in law. The animosity evinced by her Grace towards Lord Frederick Beauclerk, of the Royal Navy, one of the Duke's brothers, arose out of his refusal to meet her wishes in an alliance with her intended heiress, Miss Angela Burdett.—*Hudson's Express.*

The first newspaper in the United States was printed at Boston, in 1705, by John Campbell, a Scotchman, called the 'Boston News Letter.'

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In 1828, there were nine hundred printed in the United States.

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